

EMCQ

MOTO de COURSE POUR CINEASTE

La Camera Dans L'oeil

-La chronique de St-Pelloche

De même qu'il est agréable de prendre une douche le matin pour mieux se réveiller, et un bain le soir pour se mieux endormir, il est agréable de tourner un film bien réveillé, pour bien dormir une fois qu'il est distribué. Malheureusement ce n'est pas toujours le cas.

En fait il n'y a pas de distribution canadienne. "Famous Players" nous envahit de films américains, même pas doublés, car on sait que le chinois ou l'anglais sont plus courants à Montréal que le bon français.

Les cinéastes qui ont claqué les portes de l'O.N.F. avec fracas en gueulant par monts et par vaux, se sont retrouvés à la rue: il n'y a pas de distribution! Ils ont essayé d'agir seuls mais, il n'y a pas de distribution!

Voulez-vous savoir le tarif de location dans un cinéma d'art (!) pour un film 35mm, eastmancolor, 15 minutes: \$25 la première semaine, \$20 la seconde, et \$15 à partir de la troisième! Alors beaucoup sont retour-

nés momentanément, malgré leurs imprécations premières, à l'O. N. F. ... il n'y a que l'O.N.F., c'est bien connu... et pourtant il n'y a toujours pas de distribution! Nous avons tout pour fonder une industrie (eh oui, le cinéma est un art-industrie, n'en déplaise aux esthètes) du cinéma. Les fonds-financiers canadiens - français, qu'attendez-vous?, les faiseurs de films, les comédiens, le public, les journaux à potins (qui préfèrent malheureusement parler des fesses de Bardot). Si ces éléments se réunissaient, au lieu de parler aux murs et de boire chacun de leur côté en se jalouant respectivement, il y aurait une distribution.

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NEXT ISSUE-Civil Disobedience in a "Democratic Society" by Dimitrios I. Roussoupoulos.

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CONFRONTING THE U.S. CONSULATE MONTREAL DEMONSTRATION.

The "International Day of Solidarity with the People of Vietnam," called by the International Union of Students for the 17th of November, became a confrontation between demonstrating students and the police. The march, beginning at Dominion Square and continuing to the U. S. Consulate on MacGregor, was joined by 2000 students, a marked "escalation" from the 21st of October demonstration. L'Union générale des étudiants du Québec (UGEQ) had organized and sponsored the march in Montréal, which was designed to put special emphasis on Canadian complicity with the U. S. war machine. This has recently come under general attack, as an important contribution to the brutality and genocide currently being practiced by the USA against the Vietnamese; an important contribution by supposedly "neutral" Canada.

From the start, the police showed their aggressiveness by revving-up their motorcycles and driving them into the rearguard of the march. In an effort to protect the marchers from harassment, the parade marshalls linked

arms and formed a line at the back of the crowd, in front of the advancing police.

When the march reached Mountain St., the demonstrators moved from the sidewalks into the street, which they held, advancing up Côte des Neiges, and across MacGregor. The militant crowd chanted slogans, including, "Johnson assassin!" "Vietnam pour les Vietnamiens!" "FNL vaincra!" and, "Viva el Che!"

Before the demonstrators had even reached the consulate, mounted policemen had arrived there, as well as a long line of motorcycle police, whose job was to effectively block the yet-to-appear crowd from the actual building itself. These were nearly the only on-lookers who witnessed the paltry "counter-demonstration," urging the "leader of the free world" to become even more brutal; this sick spectacle was accompanied, fittingly, by US flags (among others), the flag which has become the symbol of repression and genocide throughout the world.

The demonstrators completely filled the street

outside the consulate, their torches and placards reflected by the curtained windows of the consulate, which was completely dark (perhaps the Americans will perfect the art of designing windowless buildings for their consulates; already Intermediate School 201, in Harlem, N.Y.C. has been so-designed, to the distress of the black people who go to school there). While Pierre LeFrançois, President of UGEQ, briefly addressed the crowd, a few bottles of paint and several rocks were thrown at the Consulate, giving the drab buildings some touches of "local color." The hostility of the crowd was obviously directed at the consulate; no incidents of violence towards persons had occurred.

However, the police, becoming over-zealous in their duties, notably when they were reinforced by the previously mentioned motorcycle cops, began to push the crowd away from the sidewalk. The first arrests took place as the crowd made it known that they would not be bullied by the police. Things really

began moving, however, when the mounted police charged the crowd, without having first ordered the demonstrators to disperse.

In order to defend themselves from the Canadian Cossacks, numerous demonstrators armed themselves with sticks, boards, and trash-can covers (i.e., making good use of their placards). On one occasion, as the horses were charging the people assembled on the sidewalk, one of the horses fell; the cop was heavily pelted with sticks before returning hurriedly to the other side of the street. Every police charge, whether on horseback or on foot, was met by showers of sticks, rocks, and trash-cans. At one point the demonstrators attacked a police car, nearly succeeding in over-turning it.

By the end of the demonstration, 47 arrests had been made. The condition of those arrested often attested to the use of a great deal of force on the side of the police.

Yank the string for Freedom!

ArchiScan 2015

ice. This was corroborated by the sight of six or seven policemen descending on some person, often someone simply standing, bewildered, or attempting to leave the mêlée, kicking, punching, and striking blows with their clubs, before carrying their victim to the police wagons, standing nearby. Beatings often continued behind the police vans, out of sight of the demonstrators.

Those arrested were finally charged with "unlawful assembly," and one super-fiend was charged with assaulting a policeman (!). All appeared in court, Saturday morning, and the criminals are now out on \$50. bail, each (\$150. for the aforementioned arch-fiend) -- perhaps creating a menace to public safety?

The U. S. Consulate, the scene of this bloody battle, was barely harmed, despite the paint decorating its façade, a few broken windows; the torches thrown did no damage. The street was littered with garbage strewn by those attempting to protect themselves from the unexpected savagery of the Montréal police.

The demonstration did prove however, that the U.S. is not the only place where a new level has been achieved in demonstrations against "unpopular" policies (witness Washington, Oct. 21st), and "personalities" (New York City, Nov. 14th). Demonstrators will no longer submit to being bullied, pushed, shoved, and manhandled by the "guardians of law and order," and are willing to fight for their right to protest and to make changes.

There is no excuse for the U. S. Consulate in Montréal being one of the least guarded consulates in the world. Neither is there any excuse for the Canadian government acting as a pimp in the rape of Vietnam through its role in the I.C.C. and its shipment of arms to the U.S.

Yet the most we can do to protest this technological barbarism is to colour the walls of the consulate red and break windows. In our impotence we turn our wrath on the police, resulting in bruises, black eyes, and broken noses on both sides while the consulate itself remains unscathed.

Mass peaceful protest is effective only if the establishment responds by at least some progressive change in policy. But if anything the U. S. has hardened its line. Escalation follows escalation. Hanoi and Haiphong are being bombed. The "peace" movement in the U. S. has failed. Instead of more peace there is more war. Johnson talks about the need for "responsible dissent." That is he will allow dissent in so far as it leaves him free to do "his thing."

There will still be people going on hunger strikes and having silent vigils but more and more moral witness is changing to civil disobedience and resistance.

There will be more demonstrations with more violence and more police brutality. Who provokes the brutality is an academic question. Since it will occur, let us prepare for it.

E.G., A.S., R.K.

les chevaux aux champs

"POUR UNE FOIS, CA MANIFESTE D'UNE FAÇON DIGNES! EMOUVANTE!"

Le flambeau de Che en cimentait l'ardeur, celui d'Hô Chi Minh en était le guide. Continuons la lutte. Ne cédon pas. Ne laissons pas faire ceux qui croient que les hommes ne sont que des marchandises au service des oligarchies financières. Certes ce fut la manifestation contre la guerre du Viet-nam, mais aussi et peut-être plus encore, celle que nous avons à réaliser dans notre pays.

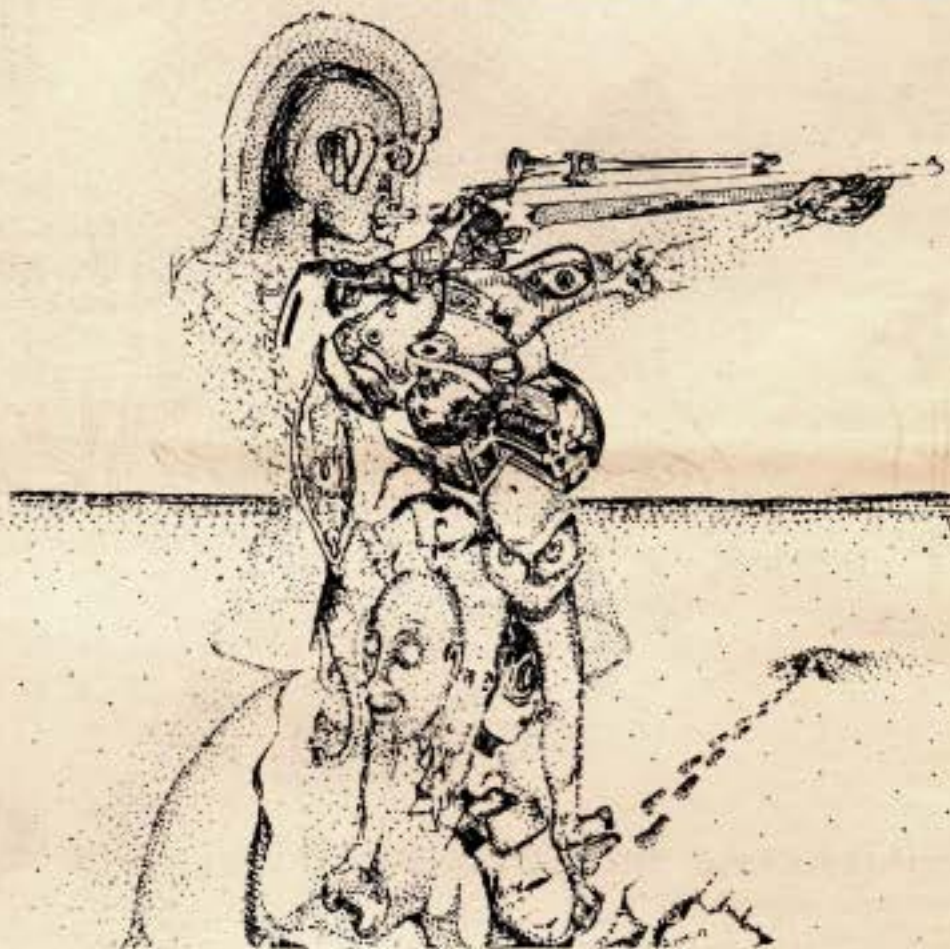
Ce combat, celui de l'amour, a commencé ici au Québec! Il nous reste à recommencer! A se rebattre! Mais aussi à s'instruire sur les moyens pratiques de le faire! ... Les chevaux contre les billes ne peuvent rien... S'ils ont des casques, l'on peut en avoir... il faut apprendre la violence pour qu'elle ne soit pas qu'un éclatement mais une marche, un déploiement du peuple québécois en union avec les Viet, les Boliviens...

(2)

Quand ceux qui protègent nos droits ne sont que des petites poupées perverses, dangereuses, sadiques; quand les pouvoirs établis, que ce soit ceux du Québec, de l'Amérique, de l'Europe, de l'Asie se servent de ceux qu'ils doivent servir, pour étouffer, assujettir, brûler, massacrer, des hommes, des peuples, des nations, il faut protester, combattre. Plus rien, ni les chevaux, ni les petites bombes lacrymogènes, ni tous les autres petits moyens, ne fera reculer ces hommes nouveaux qui ont pour la première fois subi le choc de liberté, clamé leur refus de s'incliner, crié leurs espoirs à poings levés. Ce n'était qu'une étincelle! L'escalade de la liberté, de l'amour, sera plus forte que celle des bombes et du napalm. DEVRA L'ETRE!...

(3)

"LIBERATION" en français, en anglais, on s'en fout... Libération! Libération! "Nous reviendrons." Voilà le mot d'ordre lancé. La "Pax Americana" on sait ce qu'elle

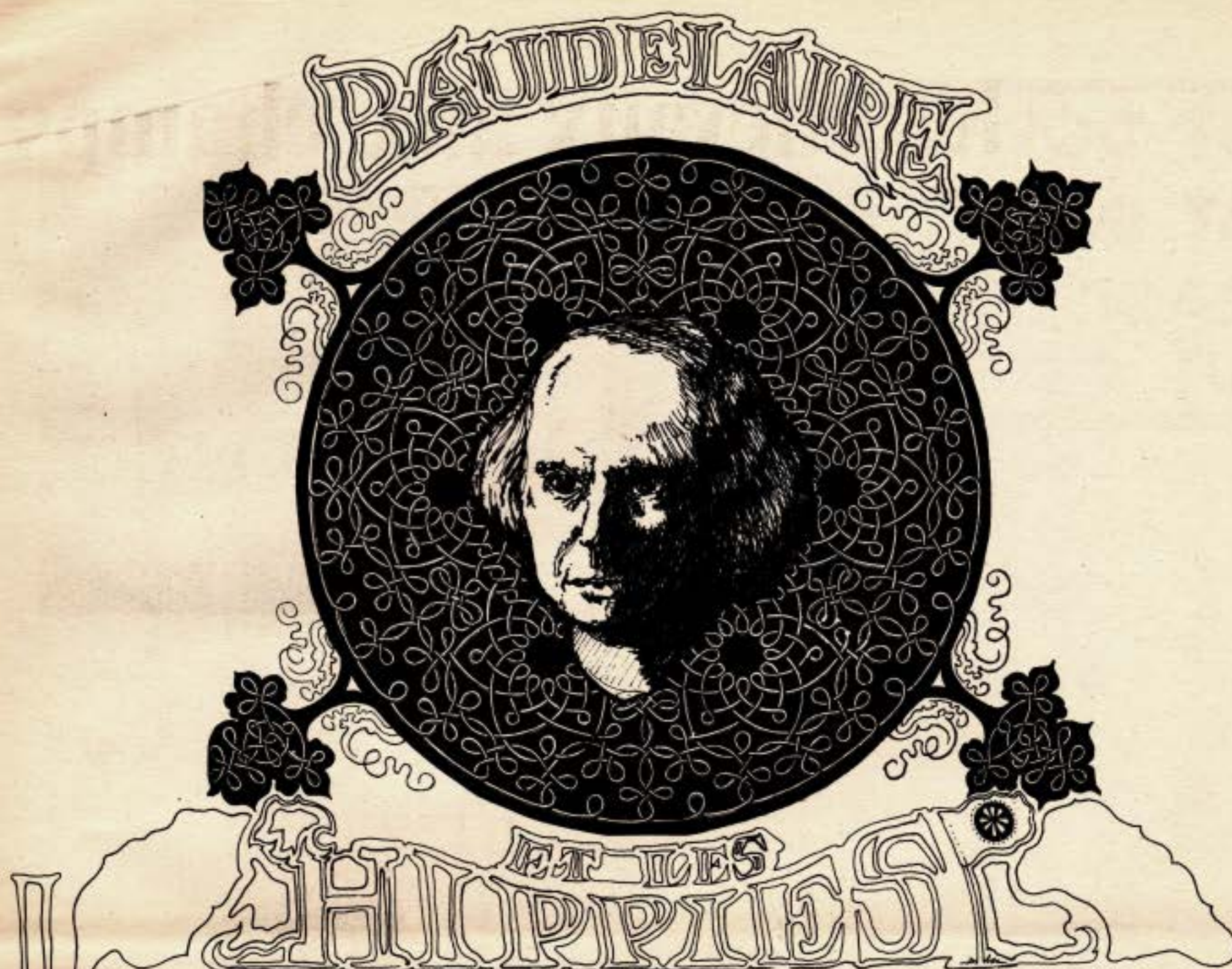


coûte, on sait ce qu'elle vaut. A la chiotte ceux-là qui blasphème en prononçant liberté, amour, paix. Il faut ramasser l'arme de la liberté tombée dans le com-

bat. C'est à recommencer que l'on vaincra. "Nous reviendrons!" Et un jour, avec à nos côtés des policiers fleuris... LES CHEVAUX AUX CHAMPS.

Par: Yves Chaput
Yvan Poulin
Aude Rioux





L'année 67 s'annonce de plus en plus comme l'année de la mort: la mort des hippies proclamée à San Francisco tout récemment, la mort du Christ de la révolution bolivienne à Camiri, la mort d'une certaine révolution bolcheviste qui célébrait sa cinquantième il y a quelques jours, et finalement, le centenaire de Charles Baudelaire.

Cette introduction bizarre fait rejoindre deux événements que je ne suis pas le premier à relier--Baudelaire, cette enfance toujours en fleur, aux hippies, ces enfants-fleurs. Patrick Thevenon écrivait dans *L'Express* que ce que recherchent les hippies c'est un dérèglement des sens, but baudelairien: "Les odeurs, les couleurs et les sens se répondent."

Bien avant M. Thevenon, Baudelaire se pensait moderne, surtout en esthétique, la racine de laquelle n'est autre, pour lui, que le malheur. La souffrance devient le verre de la lucidité: douleur de la faim, de la pauvreté et de la fièvre que plusieurs à Haight - Ashbury connaissent trop intimement pour que cela ne devienne pas leur voie illuminée.

Cette esthétique délibérément anti-naturelle menait Baudelaire à un dandyisme frôlant parfois une pédérastie exhibitionniste. Et cela mène de nos jours à un autre dandyisme qui prête à la jeunesse moderne un aspect à la fois homme et femme, grâce à une parure tirée de l'Indien ou de l'Amérindien.

Mais ces Indiens et ces hommes de la plaine se situent très nettement dans le passé. D'où notre observation que les hippies lancent un nouveau romantisme en plein siècle qui se vante réaliste. Goût de ce qui se date, façon de se servir du passé comme véhicule principal et presque unique au présent.

Cette fuite vers le passé, le fameux "trip" des hippies, relève un des traits fondamentaux de la poésie baudelairienne, le voyage par les sens, par les parfums surtout. "Guidé par ton odeur vers de charmants climats..." (Parfum exotique). L'encens accompagne chaque départ pour les régions spirituelles, et la navette devient vite le navire, espèce de bateau ivre où les Peaux-Rouges clouent les hâleurs "nus aux poteaux de couleurs."

C'est la région, bien entendu de la morale, ce qui vaut esthétique pour Baudelaire, qui inscrit l'imagination à la source de l'une et de l'autre. L'imagination, et non l'imitation comme on nous la

prêche depuis au-delà de 2.000 ans d'après la Poétique d'Aristote. L'image comme genèse de l'art donne pleine liberté à l'artiste, mais en nie à la nature. L'eau en liberté est insupportable à Baudelaire, et il ne veut la voir que prisonnière, "dans les murs géométriques d'un quai." Cette géométrie s'installe dorénavant comme définitive de la vision LSD ou marijuana, dont la quantité d'affiches à formes aveuglantes en sont la preuve.

Si Baudelaire a su durer jusqu'à nos jours, ce n'est pas à cause de la drogue, quoiqu'il la connaissait l'opium de près. Ceux qui aiment faire l'apologie de la drogue ne se rendent peut-être pas compte que le poète doit refuser la drogue pour commencer son travail de poète. Loin d'amoindrir la véritable valeur de la drogue, Baudelaire la faisait valoir dans *Haschisch* comme art poétique et comme éthique. "Le poète," dit Michel Deguy dans *Les lettres françaises*, "refusant le rêve pour le travail de l'imagination, doit lutter pour maintenir 'l'indispensable douleur,' qui est son élément."

Donc le cercle se clôt. Ayant commencé par la douleur comme esthétique, nous avons terminé par l'esthétique comme douleur. Il n'y a pas d'échappatoire, et même la drogue, en apparence le grand adoucisseur de la souffrance, ne donne à l'homme aucune autre connaissance que celle de

cette même souffrance, mais plus aiguë cette fois-ci. Per aspera ad astra.

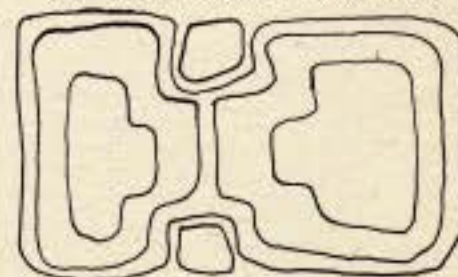
Les hippies, s'ils se trompent en messianisant le LSD, et ils se trompent, ont du moins la mérite de boire bien profondément à une douleur dont notre société est la source, heureusement épuisable. Ce qu'il leur manque c'est le travail créatif qui seul pourra structurer leur bonheur et leur paix.

Mais ne nous flattons pas, nous autres travailleurs, d'ailleurs peu créateurs, qui nous amputons à longueur de journée d'une plaie souffrante qui mène à la lumière "qui circule dans l'air et m'enfle la narine."

Si nous voulons cultiver notre jardin, il faut gratter la terre d'abord,

Et qui sait si les fleurs nouvelles dont je rêve Trouveront dans ce sol lavé comme une grève Le mystique aliment qui ferait leur vigueur? (L'ennemi)

par Kenneth-Charles Du Puis



PUT DOWN, SAT IN, DRAGGED OUT

negotiating for student rights at McGill

In Principal H. Locke Robertson's office, a book entitled Government and University (which would be more appropriately entitled "How to Establish Your University so that It Will Be More Conducive to Government Money") contained a dedication to Robertson which read: "This book is a must." To the 61 students sitting in the sacred womb of the Locke, this was "obscene libel": the very fact that the Principal's actions previous to this night had been the literal application of this book, that he had placed more value on a label, on an image, on a tradition, than on the rights and autonomy of students, preempted any other form of action. The administration of McGill did not want its name associated with the "vulgarity" of an article in the McGill Daily, reprinted from the Realist. That they thought it was vulgar and obscene is a manifestation of where they are at. As Krassner stated at Sir George (Monday), "Censorship should only take place when there is a clear and present danger, such as preventing the manufacture of napalm."

The danger of this article lay in the reaction of the administration. That they failed to recognize that it was clearly satire, i.e., that they found it credible, is a manifestation of the insidious environment of which they are the slaves. That one must reply to them that it is a piece of satire is like pointing to a toilet and telling them that's where they should shit. However, the implications of the situation that developed go beyond the nature of the article and revolve around an attempt to eradicate any social and political critique and stifle any serious questioning of our so-called accepted standards of behavior: "But the university cannot stand aside when its integrity may be harmed by student behavior!" That the standards had to be protected is just what the satire proved. Through this type of reaction, one tears away the facade and shows where their values are really at.

Enter the parts which were left out of Manchester's book.

Enter Locke Robertson and you have obscene libel. Just two hours after the McGill Daily had been published, on Friday, Robertson had decided to charge the students responsible. On Monday night he spoke to the Student Council and justified his actions by stating that when any action threatens to bring the "university's good name into disrepute, then the authorities must take whatever action is necessary to see that the university is protected."

After the farcical council meeting, over 100 students met in a room in the Union Building, to decide what sort of action they would take the next day, when the Senate Committee on Student Discipline met to "try" the three students responsible. In this room the stage was set for a confrontation which was realized on Wednesday night. SDU (Students for a Democratic University) leaders attempted to control the meeting from a room in another part of the building. What developed here was a McGill in microcosm; the elite allow the children to play, while they decide what is going to be done. The term "democracy" was thrown around so much that people were hanging on to it like



Photo: McGill Daily

The University -- "A Forum within which the Students can Develop Themselves."

a lost reality, for, in effect, it was. A more appropriate term would have been "theocracy," in which the leaders, seeming to have some supernatural source of information, manipulate the students; they were a parody of the administration. However, out of this absurd play, a few students (22) committed themselves to a decisive action. They decided to sit in front of the Senate meeting room and prohibit what they considered an illegal and unjustified trial. They felt that only with this action could they truly demonstrate their rights as students, acting in a university where the term "democracy" is used to make the totalitarian authority of the administration seem legitimate. Meanwhile, SDU had decided to hold a rally and then demonstrate in front of the Administration Building, barring inclement weather...

By five o'clock the next day, 300 students had occupied the Administration Building, as the result of a spontaneous action. They decided to remain until their demand was met: to have the charges against the editors, Fournier, Allnut, and Fekete, dropped. Locke Robertson came down from his perch and stated, "I intend to pursue this course whatever you or anyone else does." The Bank of Montréal, Molson's, and the opinions of such paragons of virtue as Pat Burns, obviously meant more to him than 300 students sitting on the floor, reaffirming their right to govern themselves, demanding a real education, refusing to be trained for a role and moulded into political conformity. Robertson, this pseudo-intellectual John Wayne, who once boasted to a group of medical students that he had not operated on a public patient in 30 years, had presented to these students a picture of intransigent totalitarian authority.

Enter the SDU elite. The group that had occupied the building had acted spontaneously, defending their rights, and in doing so, formed a group identification around their stand. That this group was engaged in a collective action to confront the university community as it presently exists, was never perceived by the SDU leadership. They saw this as a group that, when placed strategically on the game board, could be used in their imitation-bourgeois politics: the game where factions manipulate their resources for the sake

of gaining power over the other faction or organization.

SDU had lost all contact with the group sitting-in and as a result of their conditioned thinking they almost sabotaged the demonstration, and attempted to undermine the conviction of the demonstrators. They persuaded the people at the sit-in to stagnate until the Student Council meeting, Wednesday night, when a motion was supposedly going to be put forward for a general strike. That this was a grand illusion was realized when the council "urged the administration to desist in any further action." SDU declared some kind of "victory" and, out of fear for their organizational image on campus, pulled out before the McGill Daily dead-line for Thursday's edition (the medium is the message).

Enter 75 students who had just won a victory by refusing to compromise and concede before the authority figure of SDU. Enter a new spirit, a new definition of what they were doing. They were finally learning about what they had spent so many words on, in tiresome rhetoric. The atmosphere was dramatically changed. Here began the development of consciousness and articulation (of what a university is, of the role of a student, a professor, or an administrator, or what it means "to get an education"). "In rebellion, consciousness is born," said Camus. They began to question and understand what Goodman means when he says that schools and universities have "become a universal trap where democracy begins to look like regimentation." The very experience of being denied even the right to an answer from their Principal made these students question just what they were doing at McGill, and what, if anything, McGill was doing for them.

"Don't we have to question WHY the majority has no opinions of its own? Then we can think about such questions as control of media, control of sources. Actually we begin to see that the majority opinion is being controlled by a small minority up top just by programming of the news, etc., and putting out information in such a way, that it produces the reaction in the masses to give popular support to the program they intended in the first place, giving the people the illu-

sion of democracy. Whenever any group of people appear who actually see the issue and say that it's wrong, the powers-that-be already have this propagandized majority behind them."

"Whenever the members of a democracy don't answer up to the duties of that democracy, a vacuum is created which draws in people that are going to grab up power and in the case of the U.S. it is the fascists. They gain more and more industry, etc., and that is what's happening here. It's because the students are out there and won't come in here and talk, that they will not come in anywhere and talk: they just don't care! It's about time they started caring. Even if they wanted to state something in opposition to what we're saying...fine, it's just that we want them to say something and talk about it. They continue to disregard their responsibility, and they are never going to have any power; they are never going to be able to rule their lives."

"We came in to confront the institution that we have always been taught to respect; we're confronting authority at this point and this institution is an integral part of society - a sort of white-collar garbage dump - think about it.....and what comes out of this confrontation, for some of us, is a genuine radicalization. Maybe the theory is not worked out yet, I mean radicalization of the individual, not the university...maybe the problem here is NOT the structure of the university, but the structure of this whole damn society."

"This whole confrontation with the administration is a focal point where people can start thinking in terms of other areas of their life. At the university they're equally oppressed, i.e., the classroom: it's a box; no longer a forum for learning. We watch TV all day and learn more there than in school, and there is an authoritarian figure up there who's been there for twenty years, who decides for you what you must learn...and there are figure-heads above him who decide how, when, etc.....and the students sit in straight rows. There is no decision-making process.....or the phoney Student Councils whose power lays in organizing Christmas Balls. Maybe its time we got back to our gut - feeling as to how we really feel about school and our intellect may start functioning again."

Having articulated what they felt a university should be and what actively becoming educated meant, as opposed to passively being moulded, the students were visibly confronted with what McGill was -- the disparity between what they had and what they wanted was immense. They realized that without any further action on their part, their right to be heard would atrophy still further. A direct confrontation was needed. Not only to demonstrate to Robertson that he was imposing a so-called accepted standard of behavior on a group, but also to demonstrate to all those willing to see, that when one really tries to exercise one's right to act on one's beliefs, in matters which concern one's life, at McGill University one is met with lies and coercion.

They entered the Principal's office, sat on the thick red carpet, and waited.

Enter the Principal.

"What are you doing in this office?"

Students: "We feel that students of this university should not have to be invited into the office of their principal when they want to speak to him, particularly when for the past few days he has refused to speak to us. We demand that the

charges against the students be dropped. We want students to run their own affairs. We don't want the administration to decide on matters of purely student interest."

"We have reason to believe that there are a great many people within the university, both students and faculty, who think that on principle, the administration is wrong to judge in this matter. The people in this room are the ones acting on this principle. This principle is based on student autonomy, which involves a larger position of academic freedom."

Enter Dean Cohen.

"Now let me tell you, I am an old radical"

"...and here you come and you disrupt the fragile surface of order which marks any community. Bear in mind how fragile order is. Don't tamper with order, don't think that because you're involved in something, that is called 'passive resistance,' this is not disorder. Of course it's disorder. It's a very serious

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the Rocks and Company sputter about "subversion" and "professional agitation," and then to clap approval for the administration (their pay-checks).

Those students who were dragged out have turned their convictions into actions; an awareness has been created within them that no one else on campus has reached. It is in confrontations, or in rebellions, that intellectual, moral, and political self-consciousness, with a sense of identity and humane commitment, is most likely to emerge.

THERE IS A TIME WHEN THE OPERATION OF THE MACHINE BECOMES SO ODDIOUS, MAKES YOU SO SICK AT HEART THAT YOU CAN'T TAKE PART; YOU CAN'T EVEN PASSIVELY TAKE PART, AND YOU'VE GOT TO PUT YOUR BODIES UPON THE GEARS AND UPON THE WHEELS, UPON THE LEVERS, UPON ALL THE APPARATUS AND YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE IT STOP. AND YOU'VE GOT TO INDICATE TO THE PEOPLE WHO RUN IT, TO THE PEOPLE WHO OWN IT, THAT UNLESS YOU'RE FREE THE MACHINE WILL BE PREVENTED FROM WORKING AT ALL.

Mario Savio
Sit-in Rally, Berkeley, Dec. 2. 64



Photo: McGill Daily

"By being willing to stand up for others, and by knowing that others are willing to stand up for us, we have gained more than political power, we have gained personal strength. Each of us who has acted, now knows that he is a being willing to act." We Want a University, Free Speech Movement, Berkeley '64

kind of disorder and it's very fragile. All systems of order are very fragile, and if you have any belief in a viable society, one of the highest things you can do is to protect the order, if it is at least a minimum decent society. Revolutions are justified when you have real problems. But where the society itself is socially viable, I suggest one of your prime obligations is to worry about the fragility of order wherever you find it."

Enter the police and the administration. Exit the students, "gently."

The action is over. This living theatre has ended; as can be expected, the audience resumed the game the next morning. The rhetoric was launched again and the issue became police brutality. Whatever happened to the students who were dragged out of the Administration Building at 4am? In general, the complacent campus has fared; the jock - strapped craniums had their say on Friday afternoon; the Student Council cleansed itself of all relationship with these pariahs; the faculty met on Saturday morning to listen to

The latest word in the Fekete case was that McGill University would be challenged in court: Fekete's lawyer will attempt to get an injunction stopping the administration from trying the editor, and return the case to the students. This is an important step, but has little bearing on the real problem of making the students active and aware of their responsibilities and the imperative need to demand a real education. What of those strong-willed people whose principles (and Principal) forced them into this confrontation? Will the administration succeed in waiting a couple of weeks, until the furor has died down, and then "try" them, or will McGill again be challenged in its jurisdiction? Should these students be tried by their "peers" (one hesitates to use the word, considering the sit-inners' new state of sophistication), those complacent wretches who were not at all bothered at losing their right to self-government? It is these people, who were dragged out of the administrator's virginal cave, because of the purity of their demand, because they shall have a voice in the decisions which shape their lives, it is these students who provide hope.

PK AS.

Arcmtl scan 2015



During the recent Pentagon "invasion" (the only suitable term, since all the demonstrators were equipped with tear-gas by the CIA, who hoped thereby to induce the Pentagon staff to respond by supplying the military police with MACE, a sophisticated nerve gas produced by a large chemical firm in which the CIA has controlling interest) television cameras were, as usual, present. We have grown used to this kind of invasion, thanks partly to the grotesque inanities of Candid Camera--Alan Funt, camera in hand, smirking up at us from the toilet bowl, knows that we are all unacknowledged voyeurs, knows that there is no keyhole too small for the sixties man to peer through. We have in fact evolved a sixth (or is it now a seventh?) sense which tells us when we are "on camera", triggering a near-unconscious response of waving insanely, making faces more ridiculous than the ones we already have, remaining acutely embarrassed and loving every minute of it: "Ooooooh, it's pointing at meeeee! Hi Mom, hi Dad, hi Sis, hi Spot, hi Puff.....oooooh, it's not pointing at meeeee after all, it's pointing at yooooo!"

In our dedication to truth however, we forgive such aberrations as the above. We remain firmly convinced that the television image -- when, as distinguished from film, it is "live" -- is a microsecond of truth, of what actually is, as four is the sum of two and two. Taking for granted that the camera simply records events in their true causal sequence, we readily conclude that the "live" image, appearing on our screen only one or two seconds later than the event itself, cannot therefore be contaminated by human bias or error.

How wrong we are. At the Pentagon, it was reported, the police--as if trained to perfection in this kind of evasion -- stopped clubbing demonstrators the instant the camera's glass eye focused upon them, only to resume again when their image no longer occupied the screen. Forgetting for a moment that "live" television may be a delusion (after all, why should we believe the voice that tells us "the following program is brought to you live from New York"?), we must still recognize television's horrifying power--its asset and its liability--not to record events, but to

change them. How much of the news is actually made by television? No one would dare to guess. What is certain is that our progress in decreasing to an enormous degree the time factor in communication has been accompanied by virtually no increase in its honesty. As the machines which communicate become technically perfect, the source of error shifts to that which is being observed. As entities under observation, we are so used to having our privacy placed under scrutiny that we refuse to "act natural." Clubs raised in mid-swing, we smile and say "cheese" to the camera. It may have been Fellini who first celebrated this phenomena -- ironically, in the medium responsible for its origin -- by pursuing the hero in *La Dolce Vita* with mobs of cameramen, who not only never let him alone, but force him to see himself in a dramatic light. Similarly, Bonnie and Clyde are created by their press image, not vice-versa, and they know it. As television extends its visual horizons, we may all become like the atoms in Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, which can never be seen as they really are because the very act of viewing them alters their behaviour.

In a recent cartoon, a television cameraman is shown requesting a platoon of Marines in Vietnam to shift the center of battle closer, in order to bring it into range. Tactically speaking, of course, such a manoeuvre is grossly inefficient; better simply to lead the troops into battle behind an armoured mobile camera unit. After all, as the networks have claimed recently, this is television's war, and as far as the average viewer -- who is also, conveniently, the average voter -- is concerned, the crucial struggle is not that of a small nation seeking political independence, but the struggle for ratings waged between ABC and NBC. As this war becomes more intense, we may foresee the re-staging of bombing raids so that the cameras can "get it this time". The average viewer, conditioned by years of war films, expects (and rightly so) a direct hit every time, knows what a jet should sound like before it roars across his screen, can already hear the screams.

We may see, then, that as a result -- or perhaps a punishment for -- our insistent demand for up-to-the-minute news coverage, a new lie has been created: the event dependent upon the observer. To be more specific: "reality" for television becomes a function of what the majority of viewers (those who make up the ratings), would like to believe is happening. Furthermore, these spectators are being helped in this regard by the behavior of those who "are" the news, who, conscious of being watched, satisfy the observer's moral expectations -- a policeman, after all, would never strike an unarmed man -- by engaging in spontaneous self-censorship when the camera approaches.

"To see is to believe" -- an old lie, now a new truth. And in the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.



LA QUETE DU THEATRE par michel boletti

Première partie:

Considérations générales.

Primo: le théâtre n'est pas un art.

Deuxio: le théâtre n'est pas populaire.

Tertio: l'avant-garde est en retard de vingt ans.

Le théâtre n'est pas un art. Le théâtre n'est pas homogène. Il ne porte pas, à chaque seconde, son interrogation et sa réponse. Le théâtre est un ensemble d'éléments disparates: les décors, les costumes, les comédiens, les maquillages, le texte, la mise en scène, les éclairages, le public, etc... Chacun tire la couverture à soi, c'est l'anarchie, le grand mic-mac, tout sauf un art. Il reste une chance, néanmoins: qu'un ordre s'institue, établisse un équilibre, renforce certains éléments, en rabaisse d'autres, et les contrôle tous avec une attention infatigable.

Le théâtre n'est pas populaire. Hélas! Quand il l'était (ou dans les régions dites "reculées" où j'imagine qu'il l'est encore) l'ordre s'établissait de lui-même, naissait de l'entente instinctive, directe entre les comédiens et le public. Les temps changent, les civilisations disparaissent, à la toute fin de la nôtre sont populaires: le sport et le strip-tease. Le fameux "ordre" nécessaire au théâtre ne peut plus venir sans efforts.

L'ordre ne provenant plus d'une exceptionnelle situation historique, d'un rapport inconscient entre créateurs et public, quelques dégénérés ont cru bon, toutefois, de soumettre l'"équilibre nécessaire au théâtre," à divers facteurs arbitraires: au public, seul, et tel qu'il est aujourd'hui, c'est à dire: un cochon. Conséquence: le vaudeville... aux écrivains, qui trouvent là l'occasion de placer, selon leur nature, leur poésie, ou leur bons mots, ou leurs idées... enfin (c'est le dernier cri de la fameuse avant-garde), aux décorateurs et aux machinistes!

Deuxième partie:

Une solution, la seule possible, mais quand ouvrirez-vous les yeux!

On ne peut plus compter sur les exigences du public. Ecartons le. On peut se passer de décors. Supprimons-le. De costumes. Oublions les maquillages, les éclairages. Passons-nous des comédiens... Ah, non, ceux-là il faut absolument les garder! Essayons même de nous passer des auteurs. Ce qui reste: des comédiens, tout nu (ou en collants, pour la décence), dans une pièce vide. Des corps.

REINVENTONS le Théâtre. Repartons à zéro. Comment pouvons-nous bouger? Qu'est-ce qui bouge et qu'est-ce qui reste immobile? Qu'est-ce qui nous paraît "harmonique"? Que nous suggère la lenteur, le relâchement, la contraction, la saccade, la rapidité? Jusqu'où pourrions-nous continuer un mouvement?... Sentir son corps. Se sentir. Respirer. Sentir l'autre. Sentir la pièce. Être disponible. Accepter la sollicitation. Retrouver le jeu dramatique. Dans don Es-sence. Le théâtre en plein coeur: la matière dramatique brute. L'essentiel. Complicité-hostilité, lenteur-rapidité, relâchement-contraction plus-moins, évolution-involution: l'histoire des Forces.

Troisième partie:

Des faits, des faits!

D'abord il y a le travail d'etienne Decroux. Celui qui a ré-inventé "le mime," c'est à dire cette recherche que je viens de décrire. Le maître de Marceau, de Barrault, le Maître qui, lui, n'a pas abandonné la partie et à plus de 70 ans la poursuit encore dans un sous-sol, en banlieue de Paris, ignoré du public et des producteurs.

Ensuite il y a que ceux qui liront ces lignes peuvent venir me voir et, ici à Montréal, partager les recherches concrètes entreprises avec quelques uns, pour tenter de faire vivre les vérités maladroitement exprimées dans cet article: LA QUETE DU THEATRE ESSENTIEL.

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mario savio: an end to history

TO A BUREAUCRAT HISTORY HAS ENDED

(This is a reprint of a tape.)

In our free-speech fight at the University of California, we have come up against what may emerge as the greatest problem of our nation -- depersonalized, unresponsive bureaucracy. We have encountered the organized status quo in Mississippi, but it is the same in Berkeley. Here we find it impossible usually to meet with anyone but secretaries. Beyond that, we find functionaries who cannot make policy but can only hide behind the rules. We have discovered total lack of response on the part of the policy makers. To grasp a situation which is truly Kafkaesque, it is necessary to understand the bureaucratic mentality. And we have learned quite a bit about it this fall, more outside the classroom than in.

As bureaucrat, an administrator believes that nothing new happens. He occupies an a-historical point of view. In September, to get the attention of this bureaucracy which had issued arbitrary edicts suppressing student political expression and refused to discuss its action, we held a sit-in on the campus. We sat around a police car and kept it immobilized for over thirty-two hours. At last, the administrative bureaucracy agreed to negotiate. But instead, on the following Monday, we discovered that a committee had been appointed, in accordance with usual regulations, to resolve the dispute. Our attempt to convince any of the administrators that an event had occurred that something new had happened, failed. They saw this simply as something to be handled by normal university procedures.

The same is true of all bureaucracies. They begin as tools, means to certain legitimate goals, and they end up feeding their own existence. The conception that bureaucrats have is that history has in fact come to an end. No events can occur now that the Second World War is over which can change American society substantially. We proceed by standard procedures as we are.

Here is the real contradiction: the bureaucrats hold history as ended. As a result significant parts of the population both on campus and off are dispossessed, and

"Colleges are an instrument of a middle class elite that has imposed upon itself a morale fit for slaves."

PAUL GOODMAN



Four fraternity boy-agents plus two of their brothers
"containing the spread of student aggression at McGill".
McGill Sit-in, Nov. 9, '67

Photo courtesy of CIA and RCMP.

these dispossessed are not about to accept this a-historical point of view. It is out of this that the conflict has occurred with the university bureaucracy, and will continue to occur until that bureaucracy becomes responsive or until it is clear the university cannot function.

The things we are asking for in our civil rights protests have a deceptively quaint ring. We are asking for the due process of law. We are asking for our actions to be judged by committees of our peers. We are asking that regulations ought to be considered as arrived at legitimately only from the consensus of the governed. These phrases are all pretty old, but they are not being taken seriously in America today, nor are they being taken seriously on the Berkeley campus.

The university is the place where people begin seriously to question the conditions of their existence and raise the issue of whether they can be committed to the society they have been born into. After a long period of apathy during the fifties, students have begun not only to question but, having arrived at answers, to act on those answers. This is part of a growing understanding among many people in America that history has not ended, that a better society is possible, and that it is worth

dying for.

This free-speech fight points up a fascinating aspect of contemporary campus life. Students are permitted to talk all they want so long as their speech has no consequences.

One conception of the university, suggested by a classical Christian formulation, is that it be in the world but not of the world. The conception of Clark Kerr by contrast is that the university is part and parcel of this particular stage in the history of American society; it stands to serve the need of American industry; it is a factory that turns out a certain product needed by industry or government. Because speech does often have consequences which might alter this perversion of higher education, the university must put itself in a position of censorship. It can permit two kinds of speech, speech which encourages continuation of the status quo, and speech which advocates changes in it so radical as to be irrelevant in the foreseeable future. Someone may advocate radical change in all aspects of American society, and this I am sure he can do with impunity. But if someone advocates sit-ins to bring about changes in discriminatory hiring practices, this cannot be permitted because it goes against the status quo of

which the university is a part. And that is how the fight began here.

Many students here at the university, many people in society, are wandering aimlessly about. Strangers in their own lives, there is no place for them. They are people who have not learned to compromise, who for example have come to the university to learn to question, to grow, to learn -- all the standard things that sound like clichés because no one takes them seriously. And they find at one point or other that for them to become part of society, to become lawyers, ministers, businessmen, people in government, that very often they must compromise those principles which were most dear to them. They must suppress the most creative impulses that they have; this is a prior condition for being part of the system. The university is well structured, well tooled, to turn out people with all the sharp edges worn off, the well-rounded person. The university is well equipped to produce that sort of person, and this means that the best among the people who enter must for four years wander aimlessly much of the time questioning why they are on campus at all, doubting whether there is any point in what they are doing, and looking toward a very bleak existence afterward in a game in which all of the rules have been made up, which one cannot really amend.

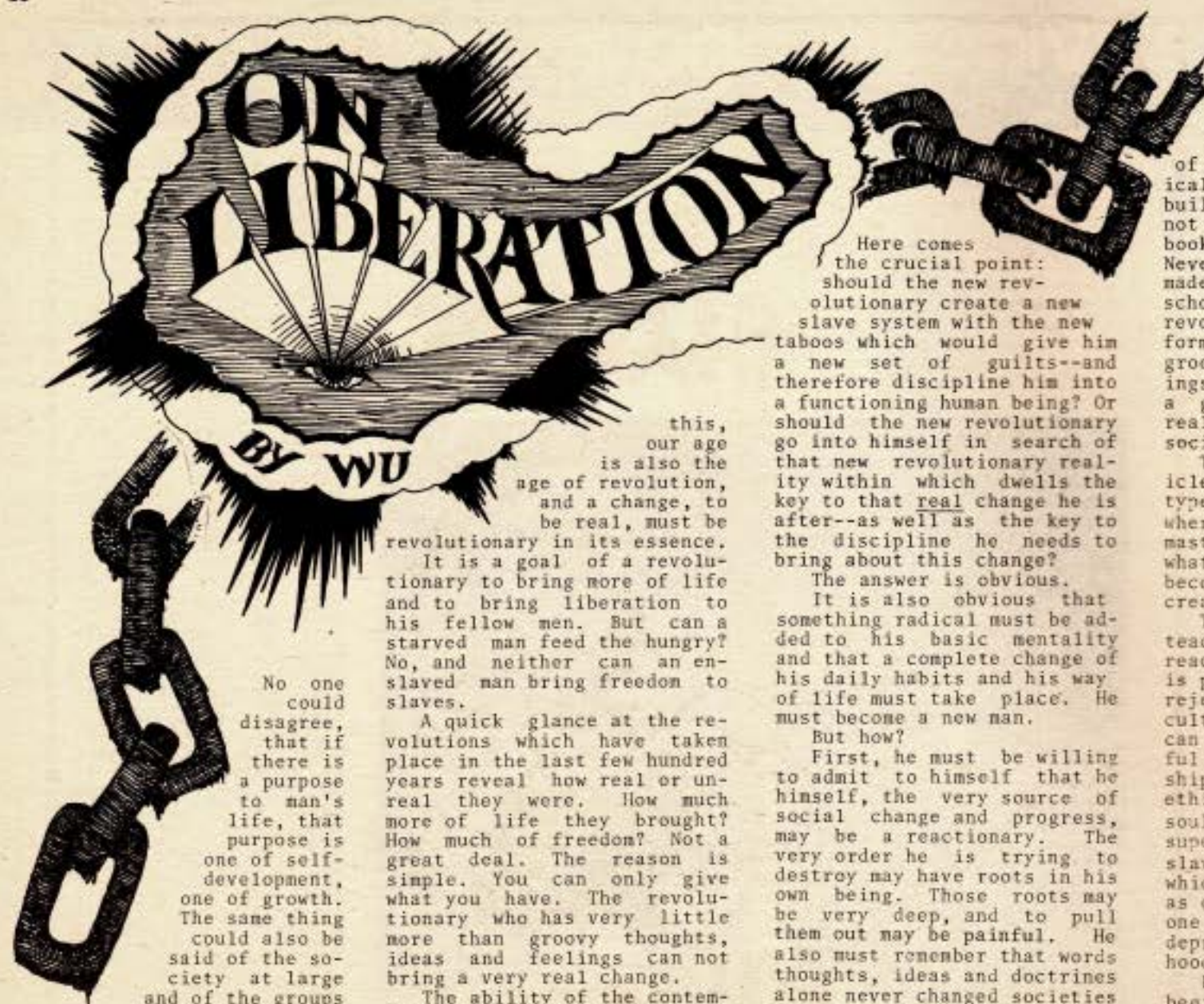
It is a bleak scene, but it is all a lot of us have to look forward to. Society provides no challenge. American society in the standard conception it has of itself is simply no longer exciting. The most exciting things going on in America today are movements to change America. America is becoming ever more the utopia of sterilized, automated contentment. The "futures" and "careers" for which American students now prepare are for the most part intellectual and moral wastelands. This chrome-plated consumer's paradise would have us grow up to be well-behaved children. But an important minority of men and women coming to the front today have shown that they will die rather than be standardized, replaceable and irrelevant.

Mario Savio was the leader of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley.

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No one could disagree, that if there is a purpose to man's life, that purpose is one of self-development, one of growth. The same thing could also be said of the society at large and of the groups which men form, down to the family unit.

It is quite obvious that the result of complete stagnation in personal development and social growth would be death and the end of life.

Advancement of any kind can be either real or unreal.

It is a matter of semantics calling something real or calling something unreal (since we may say that all is real). However, I would like to call the personal development and the social progress taking place on the surface of man of society unreal, the one taking place at the roots as real.

The real one is lasting!

The unreal is not!

The so-called self-development and the so-called social progress which bring mainly groovy thoughts, groovy ideas and groovy feelings do not and can not constitute the real development and the real progress. These thoughts ideas and feelings do not come from the free man who understands life and enjoys his newly found liberation.

They come from the man who, with the help of day-dreaming, replaces his old system of slavery with a new one.

It is just a change for the sake of change. It is like going around in a circle.

Real self-development and real social progress can only be achieved through conscious and hard labour and voluntary suffering. They bring to man and society more and more of life, and more and more of freedom: the consciousness of life.

The age in which we live is the age in which the social system of slavery is disintegrating. Because of

this, our age is also the age of revolution, and a change, to be real, must be revolutionary in its essence.

It is a goal of a revolutionary to bring more of life and to bring liberation to his fellow men. But can a starved man feed the hungry? No, and neither can an enslaved man bring freedom to slaves.

A quick glance at the revolutions which have taken place in the last few hundred years reveal how real or unreal they were. How much more of life they brought? How much of freedom? Not a great deal. The reason is simple. You can only give what you have. The revolutionary who has very little more than groovy thoughts, ideas and feelings can not bring a very real change.

The ability of the contemporary revolutionary to bring real change to society is in direct proportion to his ability to bring direct change to himself. Unless this is realized we can not hope for any real change in the time ahead.

In all past revolutions it was always considered necessary that fundamental changes within must take place if the revolution was to succeed. However, in revolutionary actions, nothing more than indoctrination, discussion and indulging in self-criticism ever took place.

Today we are aware of the unreality of words, ideas and doctrines. We know that something more is necessary. On the social level we believe in direct action: here and now. But what do we do on the personal level? We talk of psychological ideas such as those of Jung and Reich. We discuss the doctrines of Buddhism and Hinduism. We read about meditation and hatha yoga. Why are we not aware of the unreality of words, ideas and doctrines when it comes to the personal level? Why do we not know that something more is necessary? Why do we not believe in direct action: here and now?

One of the main reasons for our inability to bring about any real change lies in our inability to discipline ourselves.

The organized society was always one of the main factors in providing man with discipline. This discipline was rooted in the system of slavery (guilt). The new revolutionary rejects society and is more or less liberated from the feeling of social guilt as the regulating force of his life.

Here comes the crucial point: should the new revolutionary create a new slave system with the new taboos which would give him a new set of guilts--and therefore discipline him into a functioning human being? Or should the new revolutionary go into himself in search of that new revolutionary reality within which dwells the key to that real change he is after--as well as the key to the discipline he needs to bring about this change?

The answer is obvious.

It is also obvious that something radical must be added to his basic mentality and that a complete change of his daily habits and his way of life must take place. He must become a new man.

But how?

First, he must be willing to admit to himself that he himself, the very source of social change and progress, may be a reactionary. The very order he is trying to destroy may have roots in his own being. Those roots may be very deep, and to pull them out may be painful. He also must remember that words, thoughts, ideas and doctrines alone never changed societies and it is therefore very unlikely that they can change him. Therefore, a school of a new type is necessary. A school that would not be based upon words, thoughts, ideas and doctrines, but upon work on the man's own being.

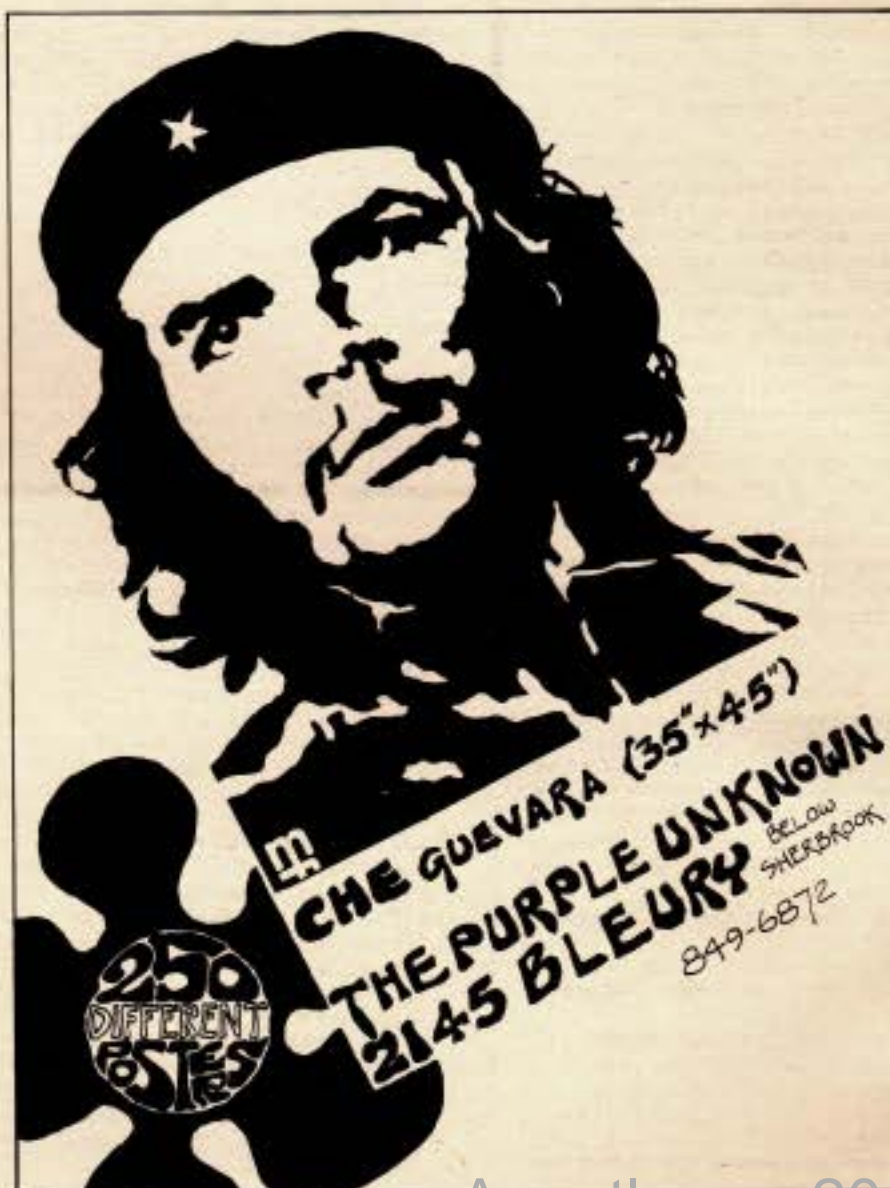
The school I am speaking of does not exist. The physical structure is not yet built ... the teachers have not yet graduated ... the text books are not yet published. Nevertheless a start can be made. We must create a school that will teach the revolutionary how to transform his groovy thoughts, groovy ideas and groovy feelings into a groovy new world, a groovy new revolutionary reality that he can bring to society.

The purpose of this article is that schools of this type be established everywhere, that each man be a master and give to others what he has. Our houses can become our schools. We can create our own textbooks.

These new schools can teach us how to overcome the reactionary within us that is preventing us from totally rejecting the old decadent culture. These new schools can teach us new and meaningful forms of human relationships; the new morality and ethics coming from beautiful souls, rather than being superimposed upon us by the slave system; a new diet which feeds our minds as well as our bodies; a thousand and one things that we have been deprived of since our childhood.

Let THE NEW SCHOOL be the beginning of our own CULTURAL REVOLUTION.

(This column will appear in every alternate issue of LOGOS. We would like to receive comments and suggestions relating to the ideas expressed. Ed. note)



IN DEFENCE OF PAUL KRASSNER

Let me start by making clear that I am no admirer of Paul Krassner, and that I couldn't care less about the article that found place in the McGill Daily of Friday, a couple of weeks ago. As a satire it was essentially ineffective and to many people even offensive, due to its pointed boldness.

However, in view of the furor and public controversy it provoked [thanks to some of our "free" hot line radio commentators] and the vague and diverse charges: obscene libel [later dropped], obscenity, and bad taste, and behaviour incompatible with the status of a student at McGill, one is forced to review the Krassner article with a thoroughness that, I think, it hardly deserves.

It is more or less generally recognised that obscenity is not merely a matter of four-letter words. If Henry Miller can use them and be sold on the market, so can anyone else. It would be ridiculous to call the Krassner piece obscene or in bad taste just because he used the four letter words even if they happened to be in relation to LBJ. So before any judgement is made, we must be very clear what Paul Krassner is trying to do in those last sentences that the people found so 'disgusting' and sickening.

The chief purpose of language -- all language -- is communication. It is important to be aware of this platitude. Equally important is the fact that words constantly die off through repeated and imprecise use. Thus new words are created on the old ones are revived, so as to make the language adequate enough to serve its function. Every first-year Arts student knows what I am spelling out here.

Now translated into our everyday, undefined, imprecise and comfortable language, Paul Krassner is saying that LBJ is a pervert. If I am not mistaken, Ashley Montagu, a little while ago, used the term 'pervert' in relation to LBJ's policies in Vietnam. This, of course, made no head lines. Paul Krassner, however did: the reason is obvious.

Montagu's language was comfortable enough since it did not challenge our experience. The word 'pervert' with him was only a word, abstracted from any experience of perversion.

On the other hand Krassner's article drove the point home by bringing his language in closer relation to an experience that is obviously perverted. There is nothing

Paul Krassner was at McGill on Nov. 12, to discuss the issue that cropped up from a reprint of his satire "Parts Left Out of the Manchester Book". (The following are some excerpts from his speech. Ed. Note)

PURPOSE OF THE REALIST

The purpose is to communicate and to entertain - without compromise. Most editors have a different standard. I don't want the separation of publisher and reader. I want to communicate in print the same way I communicate in my living room with my friends... I am not a preacher - a preacher tells people what to do. I will present existing alternatives sometimes but people make their own decisions. It's too presumptuous of me telling people what to do.

MOTIVATION FOR THE REALIST ARTICLE:

The way it came about was a reaction to an action - the action being instigated by Jackie Kennedy when she started to suppress the Manchester book. Everybody was wondering what was left out. Stern, the German magazine, printed the deleted parts and the NY Times reprinted them from Stern. I thought it would be interesting to publish the parts that were left out before Harpers sold the serial rights to Look. After looking for them for awhile, I couldn't get them so I decided to write them myself. Some of the things in the article were true based on things that had been told to me by Washington correspondents who I trust. But as you know there is a pro-establishment attitude in the States and a lot was left out - things that would be embarrassing to the administration.

ON THE MCGILL THING:

When they told me about the trouble my article aroused, I was really gratified that there were other groups printing the same thing which created this fantastic sense of community - if "x" gets in trouble we're standing with them. I was really honoured that I could be a catalyst for that sense of commitment because that is the real issue here. It's what the old

comfortable about Krassner's language. It is violent and disturbing by virtue of its sheer immediacy. The image of LBJ sexually defiling the dead body of Kennedy is too horrific and offensive. It is sickening. But how else would you make the point effective?

Does it say anything when we shout that those who wage the war in Vietnam are 'perverted'? Or that the suppression of the Black race is 'unjustified'? Compare this with the language that Krassner uses and you'll see the point being made here. Krassner is avoiding the blanket use of words, thus communicating, what he intends to say, with a directness that is terrifying. The argu-

Left called solidarity, it's what the contemporary humanist people think of as community - i.e. if I read it I am as guilty as the guy who published it. In other words, I published it too. What ideally should have happened was that students should have written to the paper

and said, "that's disgusting" or "that's brilliant", but it is insane to punish a student or any group of students who are willing to join those who are willing to go out on a limb - to punish them for trying to share something with you which did you no harm. It might have shocked your sensibilities but you just have to read any newspaper and you'll get your sensibilities shocked. IF MR. ROBERTSON WANTS TO PROTECT YOU FROM THAT SORT OF THING HE WILL HAVE TO BAN EVERY NEWSPROGRAM IN THE COUNTRY.

The issue, too, is larger than the particular article. The issue is, of course, student freedom. The issue really is the whole concept of education. The concept SHOULD be to teach the student to think for himself. What's happening in Viet Nam is really an extension of what is happening here at McGill - USING POWER WITHOUT COMPASSION - USING POWER WHERE PEOPLE ARE TREATED AS ABSTRACTIONS. If you can treat a student as an abstraction you can even more easily treat the Vietnamese child as one and it permeates the whole society.

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE:

What these McGill students did was to commit an act of civil disobedience which is a means of getting attention to have wrongs righted. It's becoming an established tradition that the way to get rid of a bad law is to violate it and hope that it will be tested. Margaret Sanger had the birth control laws changed by violating them consciously. That's how the Montgomery bus boycott was successful. There was a law that negroes had to sit at the back of the bus and so they violated it by committing an act of civil disobedience. You act as a catalyst to force the system to do what it has so far failed to do.

OBSCENITY:

As far as the concept of obscenity is concerned

continued on page 23



ument that some people took the Krassner article to be literally true, is essentially irrelevant.

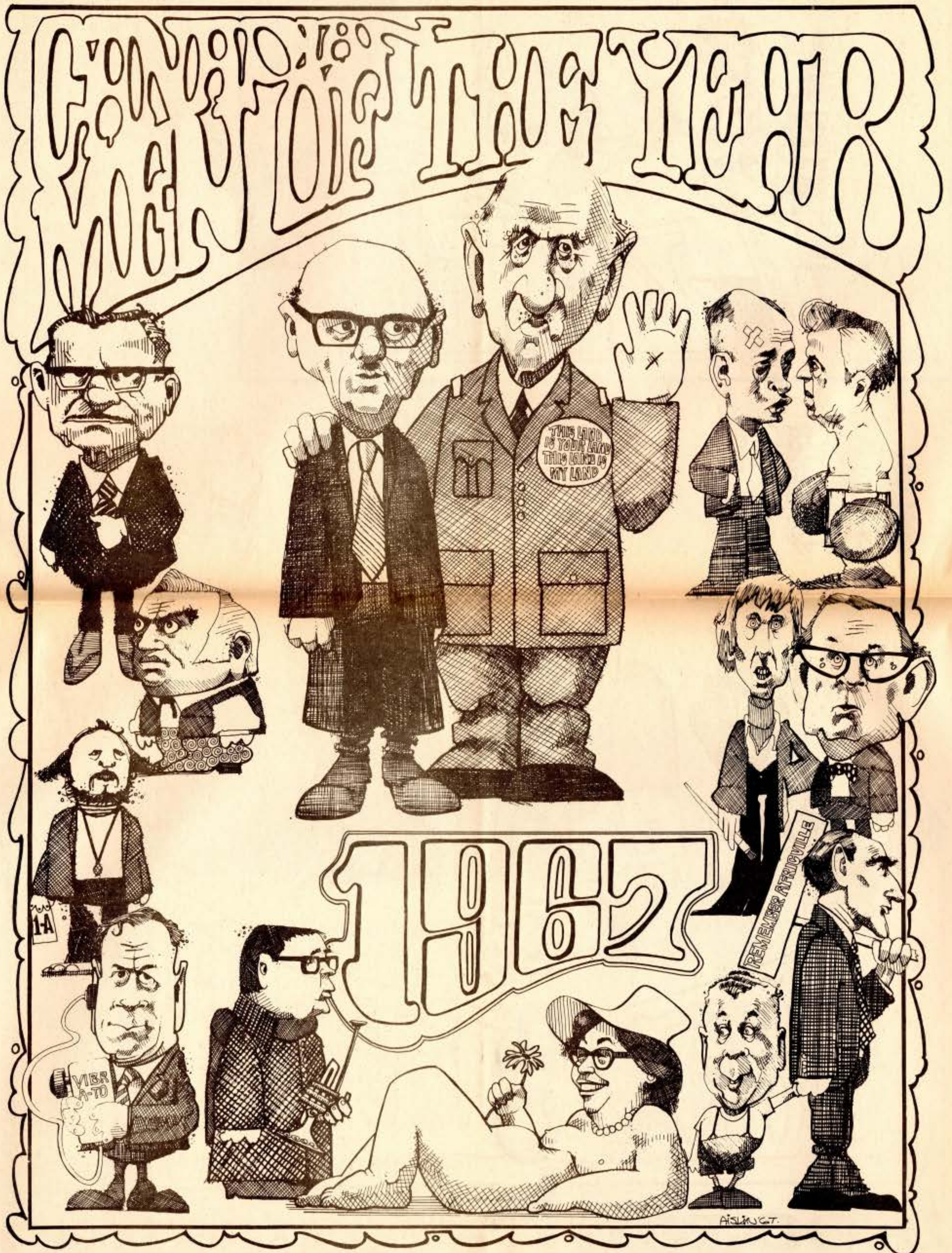
It is significant to note that the most ardent supporters of the article are the same few who oppose the war in Vietnam, as well as treatment meted out to the Black populace of the United States.

The ones who were disgusted and sickened by the article do not, I suspect, find anything disgusting or obscene about beginning their morning with pictures of napalmed children headlined in the daily papers on their breakfast tables. For obviously if they were, their anger would find such expression that Paul Krassner's language would appear tame in comparison; such

is the curse of a desperate helplessness. It is ridiculous blaming the Krassner article, for his piece is no venomous character-assassination of LBJ. It is the product of the impotent anger of those American Youths who find themselves, suddenly, forced to recognize their own ineffectiveness in the control of the policies that they find most abhorrent in American life. Krassner is a reflection and product of our society, and [this is no prophecy], unless the trend and direction of the modern American life is checked, we must be prepared to see more violent and 'disgusting' language in our papers.

Chandra Prakash

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE
centennial heroes?



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"STOP THAT SHIT, OR WE'LL STOP YOU"

Nguyen Van Luy, naturalized American citizen born in northern Vietnam, gave a speech at the Lincoln Memorial on October 21st; a half-hour later, he joined the marchers. This address by a Vietnamese, who actively joined the demonstration, marked the new orientation of the "peace movement." For the many thousands who had come that day, this man became more than another demonstrator. He was not a leader or charismatic personality (few had ever seen, or even heard of him before), but a living, present symbol of the heroism and determination of the Vietnamese, and all victims of U. S. imperialism. Hence, the existence of the "Vietnamese Contingent," which expressed the solidarity of these demonstrators with revolutionaries and fighters for liberation throughout the world.

The "recognized" leaders, the peace bureaucrats, were in control of the demonstration. They were plainly stalling, trying to tire and discourage the activists, maneuvering to avoid the confrontation which would give to the world testimony of our commitment. It was already an hour and a half past the scheduled starting time, the people were restless and bored with the official "entertainment" and speeches, so when Luy appeared, with all that he symbolized, the confrontation began.

From the Vietnamese Contingent, runners went out to the other militant organizations around the reflecting pool: to the anarchists, to SDS, to the never-to-materialize Snake Dance of the Revolutionary Contingent. Within minutes of their departure, Ben Moria of Black Mask appeared; the people, the militants on the other side of the pool were anxious--no, demanding--to start. Now it was only a question of SDS. Without them, our chances of a successful confrontation were incalculably smaller: the difference, perhaps, between adventurism and true vanguard leadership.

SDS was split. There was ample sentiment for "now," but the majority of the leadership was against "splitting" the crowd by moving without the official "go-ahead." They were unaware perhaps, that the government, with troops stationed at the bridge, was still refusing to allow the march, pending the capitulation of the Mobilization leadership on the issue of the site of the Pentagon Rally: the government was insisting on the North Parking Lot, a half-mile from the Pentagon itself. Mobilization leadership was aware that it could not capitulate openly on this issue without losing control of the demonstration, and so found it convenient to try to stall the entire march, second rally, and confrontation, on the pretext of the "stalemate" in negotiations. From the government's point of view, this would be the ultimate in victory.

The Vietnamese Contingent had to move now. A short, heated debate over tactics solidified the leadership. The element of surprise could best be utilized by taking the shortest route to the bridge at a fast running-march, possibly hitting the Pentagon steps before the military could redeploy. But this route led over the hill, away from the reflecting pool, and meant abandoning any chance of winning further support from SDS-ers and the others in the main rally. The NLF Committee, arguing for a fast flanking route around the reflecting pool to the Memorial, where SDS would be engaged, won tentative agreement. The contingent bolted out of Section G, and around the other groups. At the head of the line was Luy, followed by rank upon rank of demonstrators, some wearing hard white helmets, gas-masks secured and bulging at the hip, and in their hands, heavy cardboard tubes; many were carrying the red-blue-yellow banner of the South Vietnamese Liberation Front--the Liberation Army of the South Vietnamese

people. Throughout the ensuing day, the NLF banners again and again proved invaluable in rallying militant radicals by the hundreds into action.

The running pace was too fast for some, but despite occasional breaks, the ranks (numbering some 500) held a cohesive form. As the group swept by, additional people joined from the periphery of the rally, in response to the inveighing of the marchers and the NLF Committee bullhorn. Veterans and Reservists to End the War joined. At the top of the hill adjoining the bandstand, the SDS contingent was encountered, penetrated, and won-over by the genuine, overwhelming enthusiasm and militancy of the Vietnamese Contingent. The cheer went up spontaneously, and the cry of "Join us! Now!" was a reaffirmation of solidarity among comrades in a common struggle. The ranks broke, and the march became a flood. The bullhorn announced, "Vietnamese Contingent, Section G, and SDS, now leaving!" Some 2000 pulled-out from the rally site, heading toward the bridge. Passing the smiling, uncertain pacifists, and other groups waiting patiently in the right lane, the marchers swept onto the Arlington Memorial Bridge ... in a doubletime run.

Now the defense guard was busiest. A half-dozen people, and one bullhorn, announced, "Keep it tight. There are troops waiting at the other end," but due to a fortuitous decision by some unknown general in the Pentagon, there were no troops waiting there; the thought that they were -- thoughts of tough, Vietnam-hardened veterans of a paratroop company--produced a powerful determination and unity among the demonstrators, a unity and purpose which no longer said a gregarious "Join us," but rather, "We are here and this is it: our confrontation, our test." They linked arms as they ran, row upon row, 20 across, covering half the super-highway.

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 21

BY MICHAEL JACKSON

The pace in front had not slackened, the leaders acting to capitalize on our speed: moving fast we would be harder to stop. They would be waiting for us at the parking lot, so a quick decision was made to cut off the highway, onto the grassy meadow. We had to approach from the flank, from the woods on the riverside, hopefully attacking at an unguarded, weaker point.

The NFL Committee had done its homework well: the site had been carefully surveyed during the previous weeks: on the right would be the permanent military barracks, and ahead lay the North Parking Lot, cut off from the Pentagon by a wall, two major highways, and a railway feeder line. Immediately in back of the Pentagon was the South Parking Lot, a good access to its rear via the delivery entrances, but too far to try to circle -- too many unknowns in troop location and premature encounters far from the Pentagon. The best route was to the left, around the North Parking Lot, into the woods. In any event, the helicopters were relaying our course. With only occasional halts for regrouping, to allow those in back to catch up, the pace continued.

Then came the first encounter. At the edge of the woods the MP's were waiting, eight or ten deep, spaced at irregular intervals. The first phalanx stood immediately behind a rope restraining-barrier, which marked the battle line. The MP's then tightened their ranks, arm-to-arm, in even rows, evenly spaced, three feet between rows. Our front line hit, their rope held. The head of the march was stopped, and others, flooding up, also stopped, and began to chant. They were still militant, at least in spirit, but we had been stopped.

Then the rope was cut; we crossed the line, shouting, "Come on, let's go through!" The few ranks of MP's would have been no match; but (except for the first half-dozen ranks) the crowd had stopped.



A disengagement and re-routing through an unguarded meadow leading to the Pentagon Mall and main entrance was decided upon. The rush began anew, with all semblance of order or leadership abandoned. One huge, noisy, disorganized mass of rampant, yet strangely unified, young

men and women, all bent on forcing their presence, their bodies, their starkly revealed existence, upon the master of war and the bureaucracy of genocide. They ran across the Mall with an intensity and determination that has to do with ideas and adrenalin, up the first tier of stairs

to the concrete landing, and finally up the wide, main stairway to the VIP Parking Lot, directly in front of the entrance.

The scene above exploded upon our eyes, upon the consciousness, exactly as in our wilder, Hollywood-version-of living-color fantasies from the preceding weeks of preparation. Looming in the very near background was the object itself--the Pentagon--a few hundred yards away at most. Between us and it, on that glistening cement plaza, were its "protectors": scores upon scores of tough, made-in-Mississippi Federal Marshalls standing behind and among hundreds more of those recently encountered MP's, with the same dark helmets, same gas mask satchels and gas cannisters, same left-holstered automatics, the same red-brown spit-polished truncheons in hand, the same stone-dead faces, the same heavy, taut rope divider, marking the line beyond which all players "go directly to jail."

But the name of the game was no longer Spring Mobilization, and the participants on the front lines had memberships and disciplines that bore the initials SDS and NLF; some wore helmets and gas masks, and carried long black tubular instruments of self-defense. They were now massed at the rope and wanted to exercise their rights, render their duty to the citadel before them. The rope slackened and fell, and as it fell, the Marshalls moved in, past the MP's, clubs pushing, thrusting, jabbing, in short, hard motions. Scuffles broke out along the line; a black tube swung, connected with a fierce thud and swung again--one Marshall was down, prostrate on the cement, and a second reeling, tripping backwards.

If it had attacked then, the crowd could have easily overwhelmed the vastly outnumbered guards. In dozens of places along the front, SDS blows were resoundingly delivered. But the majority of demonstrators were uncer-



tain, and unprepared, and for some, particularly in the back ranks, the ingrained rituals of a decade of non-violence were too strong, too automatic, and with a single genuflection, the pre-resistance sit-down tactic was executed. The pacifists agitated for a sit-down, the radicals agitated for advancing; the vast majority, some recoiling, most holding their ground, followed neither tactic, but remained standing where they were; and the line, successfully held on both sides, became boundary.

Now the emphasis shifted from physical advance to political discussion. E. W. Simieons, a young, black, articulate National Organizer of the "anti-revisionist" Communist Party USA, Marxist-Leninist, borrowing the NLF megaphone, launched an impressive political analysis and polemic. The crowd reacted, and with few exceptions, essentially agreed. They would not have been there if they seriously disagreed; but they were split over tactics and over the question of further attack and the fear of getting their heads bashed-in. He had carried them as far as they could go, politically and emotionally, but they had come unprepared for real battle, and now the initiative was lost. The fervor and beauty of internationalism, of liberation, and the battle against imperialism, were no longer sufficient for victory, and the NLF flags and pictures of Che could not replace the needed helmets and poles--and guns.

In retrospect, it would seem that the proper strategy at this point would have been orderly withdrawal--a preparation and discussion for a renewed attack that night or the next day, when the militarists would be less prepared than we. But no one thought of it, or thought enough of it or other alternatives to staying there, standing on our liberated territory. Debray had warned us, but we had not remembered, and far too many of us had never even read the book. So we looked around, saw our friends, listened to the pacifists and last year's slogans, and sat down.

The rest of the afternoon and early evening were not



wasted, however, despite the reversion to protest. As thousands more poured in from the diversionary Mobilization rally in the North Parking Lot, the "defense zone" was widened to the left, past the temporary catwalk dividing the plaza. SDS and NLF bullhorns and leaders took positions atop the catwalk, gaining a vantage point from which the entire operation could be observed and directed. Throughout the daylight hours, demonstrators gained experience in tactical ability--scaling walls, creating a dialog with the troops and MP's, forming communication lines between the areas they now controlled, and, as the day wore on, establishing supply routes from outside to sustain them in food, drink, cigarettes, etc. throughout the coming night. Flurries of draft card burnings in the early hours gave way on the part of some to bonfires, hallucination and story-telling, under the mellowing influence of pot; for others, dusk provided the proper conditions for renewed attacks aimed at gaining access or control of the Pentagon entrances. Three times, doorways around the car-ramp were assaulted and gained by militant anarchists and SDS-ers, with an SDS megaphone directing the battles and relaying the course of events to the two larger zones of demonstrators. Those taking part in these bloody battles gained an experience denied to their more timid or restrained comrades -- one which will undoubtedly show to good advantage in the future of the movement.

When night fell, the Generals moved the troops in, and, to the increasing sounds of thudding rifle butts and groans, the gregarious good-humor of the sit-in turned to seriousness, disciplined stoicism, and intermittent songs of resistance. Compared with what was yet to come, the early attacks were minutia. During a sustained drive, lasting 15 or 20 minutes, the Mobilization P. A. system, larger and more powerful than the others (and hooked into the government-provided power cables) was used in an attempt to deceitfully impose capitulation upon the mass demonstration. As the troops kicked, struck, and pulled at them, trying to provoke and arrest them, the besieged demonstrators were hit from within their own ranks by the sound of Mobilization saying, "The people in the front

lines want to leave. They're in front and they want to leave. Let's all get up quietly and peacefully leave now." A shocked, betrayed harmony rose from the first three ranks: "NO! NOOOOOO! SHUT UP THAT SPEAKER!" Even as they were being struck and dragged away, they were yelling to stay. The Mobilization unit was silenced temporarily because the crowd was working to a frenzy. But minutes later, again, "We came here for peace, not violence; the people in the front lines want to leave..." Again the front responded, overwhelmingly unified in the face of the two-front attack, with a crescendo of "NOOOO!" angrily now, with shouts of, "Shut up that mother." Again the Mobilization was told, "The front lines are running this now. Stop that shit, or we'll stop you." Mobilization continued. Four white-helmeted figures shot down the planks of the catwalk, to the Mobilization microphone. Muffled, tense words, and two Mobilization functionaries dropped from the platform.

The government attacks grew in size and frequency, taking first the form of extended penetrations by columns of troops. Shortly after midnight the first mass assault came. Over the sloping roadway from the barracks to the right of the Pentagon, came a huge column at a fast march, twenty or more broad-shock troops. Just as they turned the corner of the elevated press platform, the TV cameras, with their huge floodlights, went out. In a single stroke, the entire plaza was plunged into darkness; a torrent of chilling screams and cracks of wood on bone resounded off the Pentagon walls. Troops poured in and masses of demonstrators streamed in both directions: panicking, some ran out of the battle scene; hundreds more rose to defend themselves. The smell of tear gas was blown in by the wind; it was not in general use, but perhaps thrown by a cowardly Marshall from the rear of the troops, just as sticks and bottles had occasionally been hurled at the troops, during the preceding hours, by some cowardly persons safely in the rear of the demonstration. The lights came back on, momentarily, and the troops froze, caught in the shame of their brutality.

More troops emerged from the Pentagon, this time to remain permanently. This as-

sault was a broad frontal attack, along the main line of the front. Row upon row of demonstrators sat, arms locked, but strong in their resolve to stay, to avoid panic. The attack quickly bogged down into a slow, tedious elimination of protesters, one at a time, requiring from two to five troops to a resistor. The NLF bullhorn was sent to the front, with the message, "You'll be next, so you're in charge. Pass it back to the next row when you are taken..."

The siege ended with an encircling force around three sides of the remaining demonstrators. According to reports, access to the stairs was allowed to remain open the rest of the night.

The Battle of the Pentagon was over. It had been, for some, a real battle, albeit almost completely one-sided, with all but a few in the popular ranks completely unprepared materially and militarily for either defense or offense. Perhaps most unprepared politically, to cope with the seriousness of an unpopular government which had, as a warning, told the Mobilization leaders, "Do not place too high a premium on the Unwillingness of this government to fight its citizens in the Capital."

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THE HANDMAIDENS

O CANADA, TERRE DE NOS AÎEUX

On the wall opposite is a wooden pedal organ culled from an up-province monastery. Above it, the abstract painting of a French-Canadian artist. On the wall above our heads a series of brass rubbings of Norman tombs sent by an English friend. Feeling slightly gnome like, we perch on up-ended sections of log -- aesthetically pleasing and not vastly uncomfortable as they are padded and covered with leather. Our coffee is placed on the mushroom in our midst -- a squat olive barrel cut in half and topped with a disc of mellowed wood. The others in their own magic circles concentrate on their chess boards or converse among themselves. A Privileged Few in rocking chairs, tap time to the music of the folk singer. Eating reality sandwiches as we talk to one of the proprietors of the café we are reassured that we haven't been caught in an enchanted forest or become part of a living advertisement for gracious pioneer living.

The newly opened Matter of Opinion Coffee House is the brain-child of Lawrence Golding, Charles Mitchell, and Yvon Sziosetil. With an eye for the natural, aided and abetted by economic necessity, they have utilized logs and barrels and paint to create a coffee house with a Canadian flavor.

Talking to Yvon, we tried to uncover motives for opening such an establishment when the current vogue is for strobe-lights and kinky music. His answer presented a

pleasing ambivalence. Naturally enough, they would like their venture to be a financial success -- self-supporting, at any rate. But they do not consider themselves primarily as entrepreneurs; the rent is paid and they have money for food so no need to worry. Being motivated in large part by selfish desires, A Matter of Opinion is an extension of their characters, created according to their tastes -- to please themselves. In addition they now have a forum for "doing their thing." Their thing happens to be experimental theatre. Shortly, with the addition of a few more lights, they will be presenting works in an Ionesco, Becket, Albee vein.

Owing to the shape of the building it will be "theatre in the long," rather than in the round.

The audience, although not participating in the happening, will be in very close contact with the players and should produce some interesting situations, especially if they have to use the washroom which is to the back, down the stairs, to the right and to the right again, during the performance!

In fits and starts the conversation evolved to a discussion of Montréal's Living Theatre, which presents pantomimes and plays of political pertinence in an attempt to turn them on to the necessity for social change.

Yvon's position was more one of art for art's sake rather than for politics

sake. He seemed to think that their material was not good enough (propaganda rather than theatre -- but isn't all good theatre propaganda, or are we merely begging the question? -- that technically speaking, it was not good theatre and would not accomplish what it had set out to do).

Although one of our tribe pointed out that in this era of mass media pleasures, perhaps this was the only way to involve people in theatre, e.g., by confronting them directly out-of-doors and expressing an opinion about some event which will affect their daily lives, Yvon insisted that the theatre had never left the people. When we again pointed out that prohibitive prices prevent theatre from reaching the vast majority of people at whom it is directly aimed and needed by, his position remained unchanged. In other words, we never did find out his theory of art, although we left with our own position more clarified!

At any rate, the prices at A Matter of Opinion ARE NOT prohibitive. There is no cover charge, although the night we were there they were taking a collection for the singer, who had not been paid all week. Shawn Gagnier, by the way, is excellent. In addition to a melodic, clear voice, he has a large repertoire of songs -- ethnic ballads, Dylan, San Francisco blues, Beatles, etc. Finally perhaps because it's just been open a little more than a week, it has none of the forced atmosphere and studied self-consciousness that most coffee houses have.

So, if you're in a mellow, nostalgic, bittersweet, autumnal mood -- drop over to 401E Notre Dame, and form an opinion about A Matter of Opinion.

DAYDREAM YOURSELF A BETTER MOVIE

'PRIVILEGE'

IS A DRAG. Save your money. I was all ready to pass it up myself, until I read the review in the Cornell Sun, which said all the things everybody else had been saying but concluded that the thing had been good and enjoyable anyway. But it's a mess. Watkins does have a very good eye and ear for verisimilitude, especially of the news reel type, and simple plausibility at the micro-level is something quite hard to find in movies--I think they must consider it unimportant. Anyhow, this one is much like the War Game: actually a sort of cinéma-vérité--in fact so much like it--the style, with cutting in of interviews, b&w stills, narrator, etc., gets in the way of any serious development of feeling, character, whatever. But that's a minor problem, the major one being that they've taken an interesting general idea (pop singers, mobs, totalitarianism "in the near future") and made a fuckup of it. Now nobody will be able to make a

good movie on the theme for at least five years. At one point in the film, just before the bed scene, when Shrimpton is carressing Paul and her strange drugged mannequin's voice is reverberating in a great hollow around the screen like a giant vibraphone, as she says: "you can't let things go on like this..." or a cliché to that effect (remarkable movie for lines like that; the other two I remember: "You know, that's the first time I've seen you smile..." and "Come with me..." which I won't bother to explain), I got the feeling that what they had done was come up with the idea, sketched out the plot, and then turned it over to Andy Warhol to write the script. They just don't provide any convincing development of motivation for the plot: the conditions of life that make the conformity movement possible; Stephen's popularity; the woman's attraction to him, etc. Plausibility, so well done in the small, is totally lacking in the large--it even falls down in the small at the end, when

we have most unconvincing crowd behaviour at the big rally, and a trite Hollywood handling of the big denunciation scene (nobody, not even his manager, tries to shut him up; when he finishes and walks back to his table there is absolute dead silence--not a cough, not a chair scraping not a mumble).

The music is even more disappointing -- whoever thinks rock will sound like that in a few years time has a lot of catching up to do. (One concession to futurity in the music was an occasional wailing guitar, which merely made me think of Santo and Johnny.) It's mostly warmed-over Gerry and the Pacemakers stuff, almost unbelievably incongruous with the violence and cruelty of the handcuff act, and equally so with the apocalyptic, Wagnerian mood of the Christian Crusade Week (that's what they really call it) rally. This includes the much-touted rock version of Jerusalem. This almost made me weep, to see such a great idea (I assume you know the song, or at least Blake's poem) brought

down into a puddle of la-de-da apathy. I could have written, arranged, and produced a better version when I was twelve. So stay home. Get out a review of it, read a synopsis of the plot, and daydream yourself a much better movie.

R. W. Miranda



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ATTENTION!

VIRAGE A DROITE DANGEREUX!

par Jacques Larue-Langlois

Dernier symptôme de l'inévitabilité de l'indépendance du Québec: les pieds qui viennent de se fourrer dans la bouche Mme Judy Lamarche. Attention! N'allons pas mépriser Mme le ministre responsable de la Société Radio-Canada. Elle est un des seuls membres du gouvernement fédéral actuel qui ait des... des tripes. Elle a entièrement raison, en tant qu'anglo-canadienne, d'agir comme elle l'a fait et tout anglo-canadien sain ne peut avoir que des réactions de ce genre s'il continue d'ignorer l'existence du Québec et des québécois. Voilà d'ailleurs exactement pourquoi nous, québécois, n'avons plus rien à faire au sein de cette confédération; voilà pourquoi nous voulons en sortir; voilà pourquoi nous sommes convaincus qu'il y va de notre épanouissement comme nation et comme individus.

Mais que sera le Québec indépendant? On craint beaucoup dans certains milieux, et avec raison, que l'indépendance ne se fasse sur le dos des anglo-saxons. Les milieux juifs anglophones de Montréal sont affolés à la pensée qu'un régime de droite puisse diriger seul les destinées du Québec et les brimer de leurs droits les plus légitimes. Tous ces gens ont parfaitement raison de s'inquiéter et, pour nous, indépendantistes, ces craintes devraient marquer le commencement de notre sagesse.

L'INDEPENDANCE DU QUEBEC N'EST ACCEPTABLE QUE SI ELLE EST ACCOMPAGNEE D'UNE VERITABLE REVOLUTION SOCIALE.

L'indépendance selon les vues et conceptions du Ralliement National constitue un danger contre lequel nous devons immédiatement nous prémunir. Un régime duplessiste hors des cadres de la confédération serait encore plus tragique que le premier et ne pourrait que déboucher sur une situation que l'on devrait, pour l'appeler par son véritable nom, qualifier de fasciste. Il nous revient d'assurer que cette indépendance ne se puisse faire qu'à gauche.

D'abord, un sentiment indépendantiste sain ne doit aucunement reposer sur le postulat "Maudits anglais." Nous ne faisons pas l'indépendance du Québec sur le dos de qui que ce soit, ni contre qui que ce soit, mais pour les québécois et au nom de tous les québécois. Bien sûr, un Québec indépendant impliquera l'unilinguisme français officiel, mais si chaque québe-



cois doit pouvoir travailler et vivre en français, il doit aussi pouvoir continuer de parler, hors les circonstances officielles et d'état, la langue de son choix et un commerçant qui voudra tenir boutique en anglais ou en hongrois devra pouvoir le faire, libre aux francophones qui ne veulent pas être tenus de parler ces langues d'éviter de faire commerce avec lui. Ce n'est là qu'un minimum de respect de la personne humaine.

Par ailleurs, il est ridicule d'envisager un Québec indépendant qui demeurerait sous la tutelle économique des mêmes investisseurs capitalistes américains, anglo-canadiens ou canadiens-français qui nous exploitent pré-

sentement. Sur ce plan d'ailleurs, il doit nous répugner tout autant sinon davantage d'être exploités par les nôtres que par des capitalistes étrangers. La véritable indépendance se situe à tous les niveaux: elle est culturelle, sociale, économique, et politique.

Grâce à nos relations bien lancées avec la France et avec les autres pays francophones du monde, notre indépendance culturelle est déjà en bonne voie et elle sera assurée le jour où notre premier réflexe, face à une situation donnée, sera une réaction de français québécois et non de colonisé nord américain. L'indépendance sociale est aussi amorcée mais on sent que le processus de mise sur pied de mesures sociales intelligentes et qui tiennent compte des véritables besoins des gagne-petits sera lent et pénible à moins qu'un solide coup de barre à gauche ne vienne accélérer les démarches de nos autorités: en ce sens. L'indépendance économique ne pourra être accomplie que par un mécanisme gouvernemental de gauche, véritable parti socialiste québécois quel que soit le nom qu'il puisse porter et dont les dirigeants n'auront peur ni des mots ni de l'affrontement nécessaire pour exposer aux travailleurs du Québec les politiques qui n'ont d'autre but que d'assurer leur émancipation, leur mieux être. Enfin, l'indépendance politique n'est que le cadre nécessaire à assurer les trois autres niveaux d'indépendance car ce n'est pas d'OTTAWA -VIL-VALET-DE-WASHINGTON qu'il faut attendre des mesures qui feraient de nous tous des hommes libres et fiers de notre appartenance à la société internationale.

Il importe donc de bannir de nos esprits l'idée de "L'indépendance -à-tout-prix." Parce qu'une telle indépendance, uniquement politique nous placerait dans une situation pire encore que celle à laquelle nous devons présentement faire face, il importe de mener une lutte acharnée à ceux qui défendent cette idée d'un ordre purement émotif qui ne peut déboucher que sur un nationalisme étroit et inacceptable. Il importe en outre de veiller à ce que soit mis sur pied une coalition quelconque des forces de gauche du Québec, actuellement aussi morcelées qu'elles l'étaient en France il y a cinq ans. L'indépendance politique du Québec doit figurer au programme d'une telle coalition loin d'être une fin en elle-même, elle ne doit être que le seul moyen sûr et efficace de réaliser les autres niveaux d'indépendance.

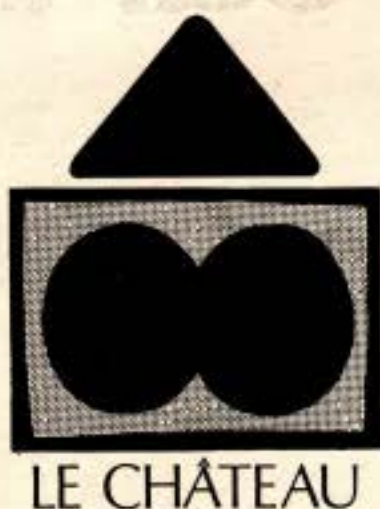
Il faut être prêt à faire face à des situations dangereuses car il n'est pas certain que l'escalade verbale entre le gouvernement actuel du Québec et les autorités fédérales ne débouchera pas sur l'indépendance instaurée par un des vieux partis pourris qui dominent la scène politique québécoise. Il faudra alors être en mesure de prendre immédiatement la relève et d'assurer au Québec son premier régime politique véritablement conçu pour le peuple québécois dans son entier.



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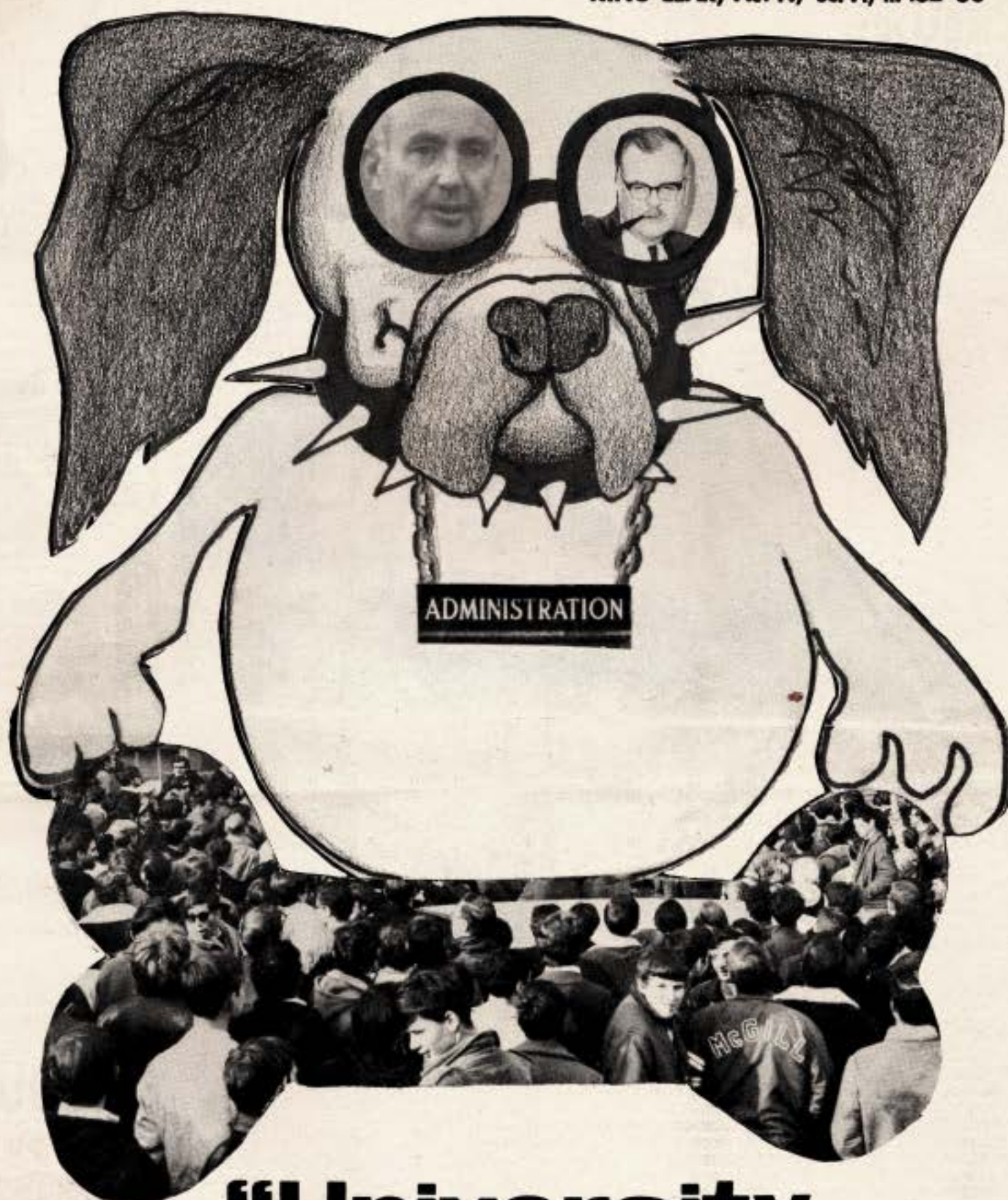
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LE CHATEAU

**"THERE THOU MIGHTST BEHOLD THE GREAT IMAGE
OF AUTHORITY. A DOG'S OBEYED IN OFFICE."**

KING LEAR, Act IV, sc. vi, ll. 162-63



"University Reform à la carte"

Change places and, handy-dandy, which is the Justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?"
"Aye sir."
"And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority. A dog's obeyed in office."

In our schools we are taught to behold with horror a long procession of ugly authoritarians. Through the mass media we catch glimpses of the contemporary American variations on authority - Wallace, Reagan, Clark Kerr.

Last week at McGill we saw Canadian authority shed its skin of tea-party politeness and restraint, and like the proverbial snake, raise its ugly head.

The basic right of free expression, loudly and lovingly proclaimed by apologists for the pan-Can-American way of life, was crassly denied to a "Community of scholars." What was touted to be a right was revealed to be a privilege.

Students and faculty at McGill, this community of "free inquiry," decided to defend their right of expression and its corollary - in this case, student control of

student affairs. Both of these issues represent democratic values learned in our schools and communities from the very hypocrites who now deny them. Students decided to defend their rights by the one means open to those without power: negotiation and confrontation by peaceful demonstration.

The authorities consistently meet forthright demonstration of moral and intellectual decision with a contemptible kind of co-option. Like any other authoritarian structure, the McGill administration recruited fifth-columnists, students who scuttled among their "peers" pi-

ously encouraging them to return to their garrets and books and behave like prototypical students. They were even found inside the Administration Building during the demonstration, listening, watching, cackling. At one point they performed the office of goon in trying to heave out students asking to enter the building to join the protest. When the demonstrators were dragged out of that building, they walked out.

Apart from these collaborators, the McGill authorities co-opted (the term is possibly corrupted) the student government. The duly-elected

representatives of the student body put up token resistance to the administration's intervention; then, reduced to pulp by a round of closed meetings with awesome figures, they collapsed into their classic role as passive mouthpieces for administration policy. This prostration of the "leadership" of Student Council committed to syndicalism is a form of treachery. The important question is what became of the "young intellectual worker" for whom the concepts of syndicalism are more than abstractions.

Supposedly they were concentrated in SDU --- Students for a Democratic University. But the leaders and most of the followers in this organization who began militantly enough, forgot that democratization and syndicalism have nothing in common with passive acceptance of token reforms -- reduced charges, meaningless representation on Senate committees, or the privilege of holding a sham trial, the results of which the Administration can ignore.

SDU's role throughout the week of events was one of non-confrontation, co-option of the activity and commitment of others, avoidance and disunity. They were the very mirror image of the authority they challenged -- the most saddest sell-outs of all.

As far as I know, co-option and intimidation have been the only methods used by Canadian university authorities to deal with "incidents created by what they never tire of terming "a small minority of dissidents." When the McGill Administration called in the Montreal police to drag students from "their" building, they admitted to the strength and commitment of opposition to the university power structure; they exposed the fraudulence of their own rhetoric of negotiation and non-violence. Naturally, the McGill authorities rationalized the violence they committed by accusing students of using "force". Some force!! "Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice which is the thief?" The position of the McGill Administration was based on perverted legalisms.

The McGill demonstrators are not the first Canadian students to confront their administrations on basic questions of freedom of expression, freedom to organize politically, freedom for students to organize their own affairs and participate in making the decisions which affect their lives.

Last year a student strike at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver was averted only when the Board of Governors there capitulated to student demands to re-instate five teaching assistants fired for their off-campus political activities. Mass demonstrations were organized in Victoria and Toronto to protest Provincial government education policy. A number of sit-ins were held on various Canadian campuses to oppose a variety of undemocratic practices.

Last month at Sir George Williams University there was a "successful" variation on this last type of protest. With a broad base of support,

including the faculty association, students pressured the Administration into appointing a joint committee of students, faculty and administration to re-organize the operation of the bookstore:

"The first task of the committee shall be to establish a body composed of representatives of students, faculty, and administration with power and authority to set policy for the university bookstore!"

But "power and authority" to set policy for a bookstore is a far cry from the power to set the basic priorities of the University. These decisions remain firmly in the hands of the grey old men.



The central question that all these varieties of student activism raise is whether Canadian universities (and all our other institutions too) can accommodate the interests of the people they serve and of the larger community through a series of adjustments and reforms; or whether universities must be revolutionized in order to provide a decent educational experience that develops creative and critical minds.

The experience of Simon Fraser University is instructive. Students' grievances were catered to in the short-run. But no guarantees that the controversial teaching assistants would be re-hired were made. Many faculty members left the university over the debacle, including the Dean of Arts, T.B. Bottomore, a Marxist scholar and sociologist of international reputation. In the long run, every body lost except the handful of business magnates who make up the board of Governors.

The composition of university governing bodies like the one at SFU is a central issue in the democratization of the universities. It may confuse some that progressive student and faculty forces in some instances decry "outside" influences on university policy, and in others insist

that there must be broader community participation. Our universities can survive neither as ivory towers of contemplation or as the tools of a social and economic elite. Institutions must serve people if they are to be relevant. The whole question of university reform has this proportion: can the university serve its community as long as it is part of a larger social and economic structure whose business is just that: business.

The accumulated experience of North American students is that university reform has proven co-optable, and tokenistic - pallid panaceas. Reforms do not put power to make concrete change in the

ly than in the persons of administrators that the "great image of authority" lurks.

Of course, individual professors are not tyrants. Most of them are "good men." But the ideas and values that they teach their students are tyrannical. It is redundant to repeat how the techniques of managerial manipulation and obedience to corporate systems are perpetrated in the technical and professional faculties. What is less obvious, but more insidious, is the kind of indoctrination that goes on in the arts and in the social sciences -- the so-called humanities.

Consider a single example from one discipline, English literature. Widely current is the critical theory of literary genres and archetypes. These things exist in literature, No doubt. But from these notions is perpetuated the theory that:

"Art has a life that is subject to a constant cycle of youth and old age, birth and death, so that each 'cultural cycle' produces an art entirely peculiar to itself, but which nevertheless goes through all the same stages as the art of past 'cultural cycles.' According to such hypotheses, development in art is solely a question of form and of the internal problems of art itself, and style is not the result of social changes and individual achievements, but an autonomous power which governs all." (Ernst Fischer, *The Necessity of Art*.)

Respect for autonomous power is learned in English classes in sociology classes, in history classes, in the guise of objectivity, reason, and "unbiased" methodology.

When students in these classes learn that "objective" and "evaluative" and "ahistorical" approaches are a form of thought control, when they arm themselves intellectually and ideologically to confront their professors with the rottenness of their theories, then they will also organize politically on a large scale. They will not leave their struggle to the few who have learned already.

When students can argue with their professors that interpreting King Lear as a play about the emergence of a new social class does not defile the play as a cosmic battle between good and evil, when students can point with Lear's lucid madness to "the great image of authority," then they will do battle literally.

And they will do battle on all fronts, not with cosmic absolutes, but with men who claim absolute power.

BUT THE STRUGGLE MUST BEGIN WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE AT: AND IN THE UNIVERSITY THEY ARE IN THE CLASSROOM.

--Zenobia

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(START)

Everyone can see the handwriting on the wall, but nobody knows what it says.

Take this whole Groovy story. It's being played up as a big moral lesson, right? Don't stray from Greenwich. Don't trust niggers. And, above all, don't carry flowers when everybody's SICK of

flowers. But it's just another murder. A hippie being killed is just like a housewife being killed or a career girl being killed or a hoodlum being killed. None of these people, notice, are persons; they're labels. Who cares who Groovy was; if you know he was a "hippie," then already you know more about him than he did about himself. And news isn't about people any more, it's about labels; the journalist sees the world as a big political cartoon, a guy in a tall hat with "U.S." on his back, a guy with an olive-leaf with "dove" on his back, and what-have-you. A dove does what he does simply because he's a dove; a taxpayer does what he does simply because he's a taxpayer; a bureaucrat because he's a bureaucrat. Don't confuse me with individuals.

Hell, if this guy in this other murder trial says he took ACID as well as some methedrine and two pints of wood alcohol the night before what more do I need to know about him? Those hippies should be locked up.

But you don't have to worry any more, folks. The hippies are gone, and it wasn't the murder or the methedrine that did it. It was a surfeit of attention. Hippies are no longer good copy.

See, it's hard to explain to a lot of you what a hippie is because a lot of you really think a hippie IS something. You don't realize that the word is just a convenience picked up by the press to personify a social change thing beginning to happen to young people. And when somebody says, "The hippies are gone." You only

think: "Where did they go?"

Abbie Hoffman was on the David Susskind show a little while back, and about when it was beginning to get dull, at the start of the program, he let the duck out of the box. The duck had a little identifying plaque -- HIPPIE -- and it squawked and ran all over the place and finally vomited out in the audience. Susskind didn't want to run the segment. "But you said it was okay..." "Yes, Abbie," said David, "but the duck freaked out. You let him get out of control."

That's what you get for miscasting.

The point is, it IS a hippie, if it has the sign around its neck. That's what hippie is. It's a word for the people who read about hippies, and talk about hippies; it isn't anything real enough to hang a string on heads on.

As everybody who writes for The Village Voice seems to know, this country is crazy. Freaked. Out of touch with reality. Nothing that goes on in the U.S. can be put in perspective, because there's no framework left. We've built up a system of irrelevancies based on misinterpretations based on inaccuracies, and we can't get back to Start to try again. Everyday's newspaper is funnier than the last, because it's all serious reporting in

a ridiculous context. The persecution and assassination as performed by the inmates, etc. We pretend not to notice the bars on the windows.

And every now and then we look around at our society and say, "This place stinks. Next week I've got to start doing something about it." This has gone on for a couple hundred years, and now we're beginning to get kids saying: "This society stinks. I'm getting out." Quitters? Well, would you repair a building if 80 per cent of the wood in it was rotten? Or tear it down and construct a new one? While you're making up your mind, you might at least get out before the place collapses on your shoulders...

So the kids started dropping out. And they wore long hair and beads and all so as to be different from the world they left behind, yeah, but they did it even more so they'd know they weren't alone. Every long-haired kid was another friend to support you when you felt like That in a world of This. And if there would only be enough of us -- and there seemed to be more every day -- maybe soon we could feel secure enough to go out and start building our own thing in this world full of strangers.

And the media coverage? A drag, but a good thing -- all those teenagers reading Look

magazine, and we need all the recruits we can get.

So what happened? Nothing important; don't worry, nobody's dropping back in. Nobody who meant it in the first place. But the "hippie" is gone, or going, because the Hippie has been over-exposed. He's received so much attention from American society that he--the label--has become a part of that society. Gotta get a new label. Or none at all, this time.

Consider an actor, sick of his part, sick of the melodrama he's stuck in. I'm getting the hell out, he says and he walks out the stage door onto the street. He's just about gone a block when the curtain starts to fall and he hears applause -- he realizes the stage was larger than he thought, he's still in the play, his part is The Disgruntled-Guy-Who-Walks-Out

So we've got a problem. How do you drop out far enough, without geographically leaving the country you were born in and love? Easy, friend: drop out inside -- not on the cover of Time where the world can see it, but there in your head where you decide what the world is and how to relate to it and what you want to do with it. Drop out inside, and run things your own way for your own benefit, and don't get hung up on the System.

As for saving the world, looks like we gotta find another act. Something that'll do more than show our contempt for this nuthouse. Something, maybe, that'll show people the reality outside the nuthouse, the real world we could all be working to achieve.

Bring back reality! But not as a goddamned slogan. We don't need another label -- but you can be sure that's the first thing we'll get.

PAUL WILLIAMS, who is 19 years old, is the editor of Crawdaddy! magazine, an erudite survey of the rock scene.

THE HIPPIES ARE GONE. WHERE DID THEY GO?

by paul

williams



Nguyen Van Troi

October must be a good month for the brave soldiers of the "free world".

On 10 May 1964, Nguyen Van Troi was brought to his home by seven or eight policemen. He had been arrested for planning to blow up the Cong Ly Bridge (Justice Bridge) as McNamara crossed it. The policemen who brought him to his newly-wed wife attempted to convince the young couple that their new possessions and future together were worth more than liberation.

Quyen, his wife, had been completely unaware of her husband's activities. She was questioned about the location of the explosives; when she could not answer, she had to watch her husband being beaten and tortured. All Van Troi would say to his torturers was, "If you still want to know, then wherever the Yankees are, the explosives are there."

The story of the tortures, questionings, lies, black-mail, corruption, could continue like any you are likely to read concerning the U.S. "commitment" to "save Vietnam." Most important are the few facts known concerning Van Troi himself. He came from a poor region, Quang Nam. When he was three, his mother took him to hide in the jungle since the French had organized a raid in the area to hunt down revolutionaries. She died a few months later of hunger and exposure; his father was captured and jailed. Troi was brought up by the remainder of his family.

When he was fifteen he went to Da Nang to live with his elder brother and sister-in-law. He left for Saigon after a short time, despite their pleas: he felt he could no longer be a burden on these poor people. He had learned no trade, and was forced to try to make a living as a pedicab driver. Later, he was fortunate enough to become an electrician's apprentice.

During his incarceration, Troi continued to speak of his most important task: the liberation of the South. He continually shamed his tormentors by denouncing their betrayal of their country and comrades, as well as with his personal bravery. His wife, also jailed and mistreated, was given aid and comfort by the men and women confined with her--all of whom had the utmost respect for Troi and his aborted attempt at assassination. Moreover, many of those unconfined, living in Saigon, secretly aided both Troi and Quyen, as well as the other prisoners.

On 8 October 1964, the newspapers announced that Troi was sentenced to death; on 11 October, astounding news for the Vietnamese: Venezuelan guerrillas had captured the US Colonel Smolen. They proposed to exchange his release for the release of the young Viet Cong. Quyen and her friends and relatives -- at the time unaware of worldwide revolutionary solidarity -- were amazed that the Venezuelans could have even known about Troi.

On 15 October, the scheduled day of the called-off execution, Quyen went to the jail to visit her husband. She was not allowed in. It was only then she heard the news, that, although Colonel Smolen had been freed in accordance with the agreement, Van Troi was not, and was to be shot that day. Quyen never got to see her husband alive again; she could not even find out how or where the body had been disposed of until the next day, when she read it in the newspapers.

Troi went to his execution bravely and calmly. He answered the journalists' questions, saying, "You are journalists, and must be well informed about what is going on. The Americans have com-

mitted aggression against our country; they have been killing our people...McNamara has worked out a whole plan for the conquest of South Vietnam...I cannot let the Americans trample on our land. I have never been against my people; I am against the Americans. I wanted to do away with McNamara who is the source of the many crimes committed in South Vietnam... My one regret is that I failed to kill McNamara." He refused absolution, saying, "I have committed no sin. It is the Americans who have sinned." He refused to have his eyes covered, saying, "Let me look at our beloved land." After the first volley, he was hit in the chest, but continued crying, "Long live Vietnam!"

Nguyen Van Troi has become a respected hero in the North as well as the South. One of the best of the D.R.V.'s films is called "Nguyen Van Troi Will Live Forever", and is an account of his life. His widow has become active in the N.L.F. *The Way He Lived* is an account of his life, told by his widow, and published by the Liberation Publishing House, South Vietnam.

A.S.

Dr. Norman Bethune

"Forgive my English", wrote Lin. I have not write English good. I wish to tell you of our doctor, our Dr. Bethune. He died on a night of many stars in the sky. He knew, we all knew, he would die. We wept. We carried his body, frail it had become, over many of our mountains. Through our villages the people gathered. We said, 'It is our doctor, our Dr. Bethune'. They wept. The heavens wept. He had healed our children. He had brought life to our wounded. He was our healer and our teacher. What are words? What are tears? No words can say it. No tears can utter it. He was our doctor and our loving comrade. We will build him a tomb in the hills. We will fight his fight till victory. We will remember the brotherhood and tenderness of him. We will never forget him."

Dr. Norman Bethune, the Canadian doctor who organized the Canadian Blood Transfusion Service during the Spanish Civil War and then went to China to devote his skill and life to the Chinese people's struggle, died there in Shansi Province on November 22, 1939. The above letter, written by his comrade and interpreter Lin, at the time of his death, is published now, by Logos, to serve as an inspiration to those people everywhere who work and fight, as he did, for a just world.

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Krassner speaks (con't)

cerned, it's totally a subjective thing which is solely in the mind of the beholder. It's an irrational judgement. It doesn't mean that people who want censorship have evil intentions, but they do have big-brother attitudes. They do want to protect people although they themselves don't seem to be harmed. The only obscenity is coercion, forcing somebody to do something he doesn't want to do. As long as the act of reading what may be considered obscenity is a voluntary act, then it doesn't do any body any harm. And people have a right to go about it in their own way.

SATIRE:

The whole concept of satire as opposed to comedy is that satire has a moral point of view that transcends liberal and conservative lines and gets into humanistic stuff. I believe that altruism is the highest form of selfishness. It didn't matter whether people believed the article in the Realist or not. My function was to present it. It works on two levels. One is what I do with it, and two, what the reader does with it. Readers can read symbolism into it which wasn't really intended - like people do with films. The point is the fact that people did believe it gives satire an added dimension. I was thinking of Pablo Picasso's statement that "art is a lie to make people see the truth." Symb-

olically, I thought this was saying something truthful about the quest for power, about the hypocrisy towards the assassination, about the publicity hounds who went after Jackie Kennedy, about the whole controversy of suppressing the book. I felt this idea was communicated to some people and you have to take the chance that it won't communicate itself to other people.

The fact that the article was believed by many intelligent, literate people in all walks of life in the States, says something very significant about what intelligent Americans believe their President to be. And if they believe he is capable of that, you can extend it to the political area. Actually it was symbolical of the way he is politically.

CENSORSHIP:

The issue is: we want to be able to act as free human beings and in this particular case, to be able to accept or reject on our own terms what we wish to read, etc. That's basic freedom.

The only time I think there should be censorship is when there is a clear and present physical danger. For example, when firecrackers were manufactured in the shape of little popcorn balls and distributed in Washington on the 4th of July. That should be banned because a child may swallow them. That's not a matter of bad taste or subjective judgement. There's a clear and present danger.

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